

NOVEMBER 27, 1880

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 574.—Vol. XXII.

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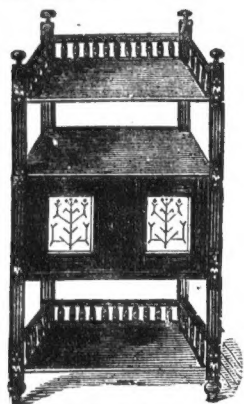
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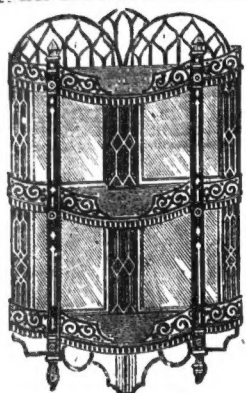
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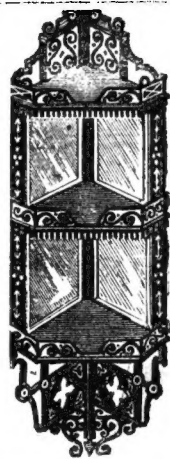


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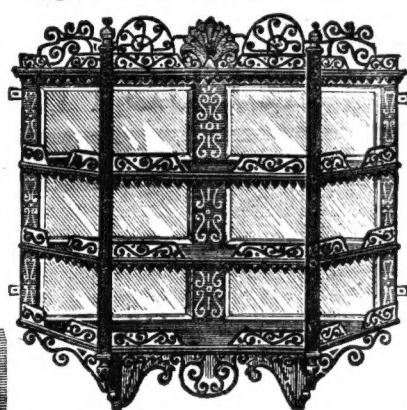
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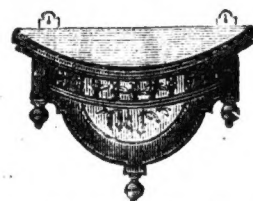
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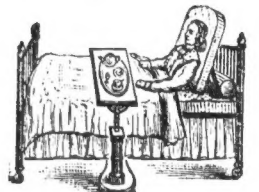
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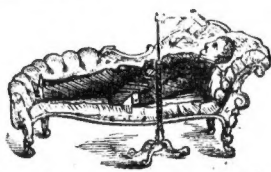
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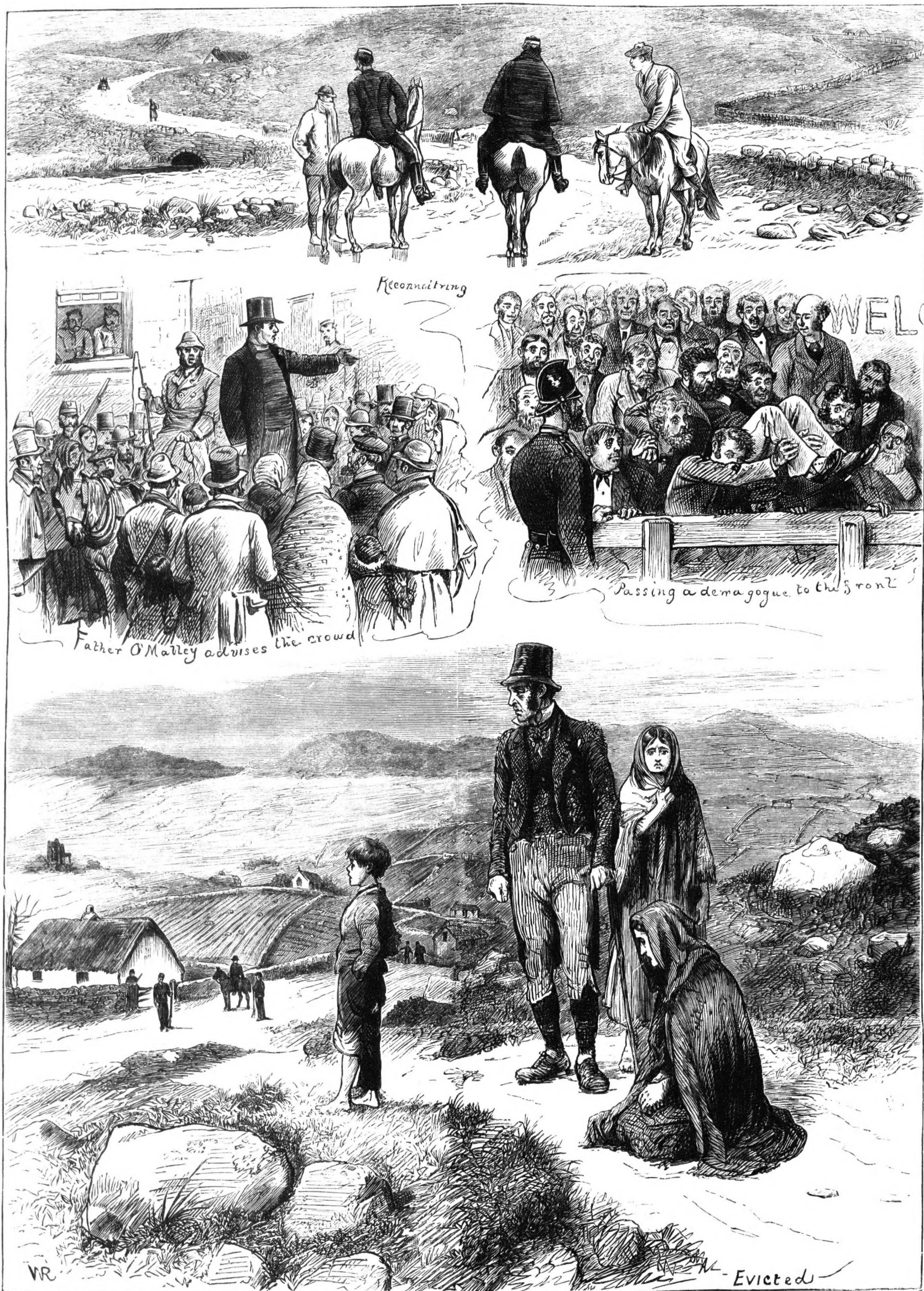
THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 574.—VOL. XXII.
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1880

PRICE SIXPENCE
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THE LAND AGITATION IN IRELAND—SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

Topics of the Week

WHIGS AND RADICALS.—In the present unstable condition of English politics a good deal of talk goes on as to the possibility of a new party being formed. It is pointed out that the moderate Conservatives and the moderate Liberals have much more in common than the moderate Liberals have with the Radicals; and that, therefore, there can be no good reason why the two former parties should not unite. This is, perhaps, true, yet it may be questioned whether such a coalition is possible. After all, there are still profound differences between Whigs and Tories. Even when their conclusions are the same they arrive at them by different processes of reasoning; and it is impossible for them not to be influenced by the general traditions with which they are respectively associated. While, however, there is not much chance of any section of Conservatives and Liberals coming together, it seems to be quite possible that there may be a severance of the Whigs from the Radicals. These two bodies of politicians have never heartily liked each other. Before the last General Election they were united by a common distrust of Lord Beaconsfield, and they had no difficulty in postponing the consideration of larger questions of policy until they had succeeded in overthrowing him. The Irish Disturbance Bill gave the first distinct indication of grounds of dispute between them, and during the recess they have unquestionably been regarding each other with increasing coldness. The Whigs would unanimously support the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, whereas the Radicals consider that the proposal is a mere revival of despotism. The Whigs, while anxious to do justice to the Irish peasantry, are not less anxious that Irish landlords should receive justice also; the Radicals hardly deign to admit that a landlord can have rights which are worthy of being taken seriously into account. Then there is the question of Disestablishment, which, although for the moment in the background, is sure to be brought prominently forward by and by; and the proposed reform of the House of Lords is another subject which Whigs and Radicals are likely to look at from opposite points of view. There is, therefore, nothing improbable in the supposition that the present alliance of these two parties may soon come to an end, and that a new General Election may be necessary to settle whether any single party has a decisive majority in the country.

COMMERCIAL ESTIMATE OF THE IRISH TROUBLES.—Capital in search of investment is, as every one knows, cosmopolitan in its patriotism, and latitudinarian in its religion and politics, but it demands security, and, if it cannot obtain reasonable security, it spreads its wings and flies away. At the present time, Capital looks askance on Ireland; it shrinks from buying Irish land, or from lending money on Irish land, being aware that the conjugation of the newly-invented verb "to Boycott" may render such investments valueless. The volcanic condition of Ireland is further proved by such stern business facts as these. Insurance companies refuse to insure Irish landlords or their agents against "accidents," and they will not insure country houses or farm produce except at "doubly-hazardous" rates. Meanwhile, landlords, unable to get their rents except at "Griffiths' valuation," and not always at that, are striving to borrow money for their immediate exigencies from other sources. Such a description as this might be expected from Basuto Land, but scarcely from an integral part of the United Kingdom, within a few hours' railway journey of Charing Cross, and which little more than a twelvemonth ago was as peaceable as England or Scotland. Whence then this terrible change? Well, it must be frankly confessed that there is always a good deal of latent discontent among the Irish peasantry, and this discontent was revived by last winter's distress. It was, however, already dying away, when two untoward events occurred. First, the appearance of a set of unscrupulous agitators, who persuaded the tenant farmers (easily moved by the arts of oratory), that they were groaning under an abominable tyranny, and that the time had now come for shaking off their chains. Secondly, the triumph of the Whig-Radical party at the elections, and the advent of a new Government who were "going to do justice to Ireland," and who began by borrowing from one of the Home Rule Members a mischievous Bill which was disliked by scores of their own supporters, and was finally rejected by the House of Lords. Since then, a good many of the people of Ireland appear to have taken leave of their senses.

PEACE FIRST, REFORM AFTERWARDS.—But, after all, it is only a very small proportion of the Irish people who are the originators of terrorism and outrage. A firm rule, which should restore peace and security, is fervently desired, not only by landlords and agents, but by those thousands of farmers and others who would gladly be relieved from this Vehmgericht which nevertheless they are afraid to disobey. The Ministerial plea that the existing laws are sufficient to repress outrage is disproved by the fact that outrages wax more numerous daily, and are spreading into districts hitherto untainted. Then it is said that even if the Government wished to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, it would take a twelvemonth to accomplish the work in the present Parliament, confronted as the Bill would be with every

known engine of obstruction by the phalanx of Irish Irreconcilables. If this statement be true, if the House of Commons is incapable of imposing its will on a minority of its own members, all we can say is that such a clumsy machine must stand in imminent need of reform. Our own belief is that the Whiggish Members of the Cabinet are afraid of Messrs. Bright, Chamberlain, and Dilke, who object to what is called "coercion," and would trust to Land Law Reform for a cure of the present troubles. It is difficult to understand how any responsible statesman can hold such a view. Let us cite an analogous case. A fire breaks out in a room. Says one person: "Let me throw this pail of water on it." "No," replies another; "the fire is evidently caused by the defective position of the gas-jet, which must be taken down and replaced elsewhere." Now coercion, which would not hurt a single law-abiding person, is the pail of water plan; while to Mr. Bright we may say, "First let us put out the fire, and then we will set to work to alter the gas-jet." It must be remembered that the reorganisation of the Land Laws of Ireland will be a vast and complicated business, as is shown by the contradictory remedies which have been suggested by numerous thoughtful men. Such a reform would need to be so fully argued and discussed that it would probably occupy the greater part of a Session even if all parties were sincerely desirous of alleviating the perennial discontent of Ireland by a measure of this sort. But can it be alleged that all parties are thus agreed? On the one hand there are the Tories, smarting under the calumnies which were heaped on them by their opponents at the late elections, and hoping that the blundering and feebleness of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues may once more bring them into power; while, on the other hand, there are plenty of Irish political adventurers, to whom agitation is as the breath of their nostrils, and who would prefer to keep their country in a state of unrest, in hopes of ultimate annexation to the United States, or even of entire independence. Are we then, while the Land Bill is thus painfully ploughing its way through the ocean of partisan strife, to allow the social fabric in Ireland to sink into utter chaos?

HOME RULE IN AUSTRIA.—It is curious how indifferent Englishmen generally are to everything that goes on in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The movements of French politics are watched with interest, and even German politics are now beginning to attract some attention. But Austria might be on the verge of a convulsion, and the fact would be known only to a few curious observers here and there. Yet the controversy now proceeding in Austria ought to have a special interest for Englishmen, since it involves questions essentially the same as some of those which are in dispute between England and Ireland. Like the Irish, the non-German nationalities demand a larger measure of Home Rule than they possess; and, to make the parallel more striking, the Minister who has to deal with the demand is an Irish peer. Viscount Taaffe of Ireland is as much his title as Count Taaffe of the Holy Roman Empire. And his methods of dealing with the problem he seems to have borrowed from the native country of his family; for he is in favour of extending the rights of the Czechs and Poles, whereas most of the Austrian Germans insist that these rights are already as numerous as is compatible with the unity and safety of the Empire. The German view found expression lately in a great meeting in Vienna; and there was a counter-demonstration the other day in Linz in favour of Count Taaffe's policy. Which of the two contending parties will prevail it is impossible to foretell; but the Germans have certainly a good deal to say for themselves. If a Parliament were established on College Green, we all know the amount of justice for which landlords of English birth might look from Irish legislators. The Germans in Bohemia and Galicia are in much the same position as English landlords in Ireland. They are detested by the Slavonic population; and they maintain their existing rights only because they are still under the protection of the Central Government. In addition to this argument it is urged that if the Austrian Slavs were made predominant it would be impossible for Austria to be on permanently good terms with Germany. She would be compelled, it is feared, to become more and more subservient to Russia.

DULCIGNO.—Turkey is such a region of intrigue, and the opinions of correspondents in that country are so much coloured by their desires and by the people with whom they associate, that even now it is difficult to discover how far the Albanian League was acting in defiance of the Porte. On the one hand the representatives of France in that region declare that the League and the Porte are identical, and that the former has been regularly supplied with arms and provisions by the latter; on the other hand, the encounter which took place between Dervish Pasha and the Albanians was plainly not a sham encounter, considerable loss of life having occurred. The two statements, however, are reconcilable if, as is not improbable, the Albanians, although subsidised by the Porte, determined at the last moment to display their independence. It is to be hoped now, though we must not be too sanguine, that the surrender of Dulcigno to Montenegro will immediately follow, and that thus will be settled a most troublesome business, which might have set all Europe by the ears, and all for the sake of aggrandising a petty principality whose inhabitants, beyond their bravery, have little claim on the sympathies of the civilised world. As soon, however, as the Dulcigno difficulty recedes into the

background, the Greek claims will come more prominently to the front; and here also, for the sake of a nationality whose Government provides very indifferent security for its subjects within its present boundaries, Europe will be once more invited to plunge the carving-knife into Turkey.

FRANCE AND HER JUDGES.—The French Republicans seem to be bent on revealing to the world the narrowness and intolerance of their temper. Having banished a large proportion of the religious Orders, they have now decided to deal in a similar spirit with those judges who have the misfortune not to agree with them. It must, of course, be admitted that it is trying to the dominant party to know that many of the present judges were appointed by a Government which was in most respects the opposite of that now in power. This is particularly irritating at a time when a new Parliament is about to be elected. But if the Republicans could forget the party interests of the moment, they could hardly fail to see that they are committing a most serious blunder in violating the doctrine of the irremovability of the chief magistrates. For if the Government of to-day claims the right to appoint judges who will play into its hands, what is to prevent the Government of to-morrow from doing the same thing? The party, or at any rate the particular section of the party, which now prevails cannot hope to prevail always; the turn of another set of politicians will come sooner or later. The new men will regulate their conduct by that of their predecessors; and so France cannot look forward to order and continuity in the development of her institutions. The real secret of despotic measures of this kind is the bitter detestation with which the partisans of different "causes" among our neighbours still regard each other. No single party believes in the loyalty or public spirit of the rest; each is persuaded that it alone can "save" the nation, and that any other party, if in office, would ruin it. Hence they all desire to render one another powerless, and hardly anything is considered unlawful which can be made a means to this end. It is safe to say that until all classes of Frenchmen are influenced by a more moderate spirit the country can never have perfect confidence in the stability of any form of government.

ISRAEL IN GERMANY.—If you hear German spoken in one of our London railway carriages the odds are in favour of the speaker having an aquiline nose and a velvety eye, in fact, that he belongs to the "Hebrew persuasion." Hence, an ignorant Englishman might suppose that most Germans are Jews, whereas statistics inform us that the Hebrews are only a teaspoonful in the Teutonic cup, being half a million out of a total population of over forty millions. The disproportionate number of Jews, therefore, who come over here, proves how enterprising they are whenever there is a chance of making money. The Germans are also of opinion that their Jewish compatriots are exceedingly enterprising, but though they may admire their energy they do not like them for it. On the contrary, for some time past a sort of modified persecution of the Jews has been carried on. It is known by the name of "Jew-baiting," and it has been the subject of a debate in the Prussian Chamber of Deputies. There was no probability that the Government, as the Anti-Semitic orators desired, would curtail the existing privileges of the Jews; but neither, on the other hand, is it likely that the liberal sentiments expressed by Professor Virchow and others will remove the social ban under which the Jews are at present labouring. We can now perhaps understand better than we formerly could why the Jews were so hated in the Middle Ages. Theological animosity had, of course, a good deal to do with it, but to a reflective mediæval Christian it must have seemed rather irrational to bully a Jew because hundreds of years before some of that Jew's ancestors had helped to put to death the Founder of Christianity. It is much more likely that the mediæval man hated the Jew because, while he himself could only sign his name with a clumsy, sprawling mark, this hook-nosed, bright-eyed fellow in the gaberding understood all about debit and credit, and loans and interest, and exchange and so forth. Besides, often as he grew poorer the Jew grew richer. The Hebrew fattened on his adversity. The phenomenon continues to the present moment. To be "in the hands of the Jews" is not an indication of prosperity. And this brings us to state frankly why the Jews are unpopular in many other countries as well as Germany. Their charity is admirable; their religious tolerance ought to make a good many Christians blush; and their spirit of commercial enterprise would not necessarily make them disliked. But, whereas mercantile enterprise generally enriches others besides those who actually conduct it, the Jew is apt to become rich as those who deal with him become poor. Then again, of course with many honourable exceptions, the retail businesses conducted by Jews are wont to be of the cheap-and-nasty order. Their names, too, are associated with "sweating" tailors, and other unpleasant features of modern existence. That they very ingeniously manage to live without—at any rate in this country—doing any hard muscular work, does not make them beloved of navvies, farm-labourers, and others who literally "eat their bread in the sweat of their faces." As for their love of display and vulgar finery, it is quite as much a Hebrew characteristic here as in Germany. That the Jews are a wonderful people, and that our working classes especially would do well to imitate some of their virtues, is incontestable, but they have their peculiarities, and these peculiarities are just of that kind which is calculated to arouse popular animosity.

Nov. 27, 1880

LAND IN ENGLAND.—Although the condition of Ireland absorbs attention at present, serious politicians are not likely to forget that there is a land question in England too, which will soon have to be dealt with. American competition has so completely altered the conditions of English agriculture that no Ministry, whether Liberal or Tory, could afford to postpone the consideration of the subject indefinitely. Fortunately no such drastic remedies are proposed here as in Ireland. A reformer who suggested that farmers on this side of St. George's Channel should pay reduced rents for thirty years and then obtain permanent possession of their farms would be regarded as a madman or a knave, and would find few opportunities of airing his crotchets. The utmost that is asked is that a system of free sale should be established; and there is a good deal of evidence to show that no very strong objections would be offered to this scheme by any party. Many landlords would be only too well pleased, in these hard times, to be able to dispose of some part of their property; and it is beginning to be generally recognised that the whole community would profit by a system which would encourage a flow of capital towards the land. If it led here and there to peasant proprietorships, no great harm would follow, since peasant proprietors are almost necessarily of a peaceful and Conservative temper; but we question whether the abolition of entail and of cumbrous methods of conveyance would have this result. Whatever may be the case in Ireland, the matter would be determined here solely by economic conditions; and it is at least doubtful whether very small proprietors in England could hold their own. Agricultural processes become more costly every year, so that only rich men could compete for the land which might be brought into the market. Of course a State Fund might be created for the help of persons who wished to become purchasers; but probably few Englishmen would care to take advantage of such an opportunity unless it offered the prospect of a fair return. On the whole, it is probable that the tendency of the measures which are now generally advocated would be to diminish rather than to increase the number of proprietors of English soil.

FOREIGN LOTTERY TEMPTERS.—A good many years ago the British Government abolished lotteries, having decided that they were an objectionable mode of raising a revenue. The wisdom of this decision has sometimes been questioned, it being alleged that the public lotteries formed a safety-valve for the irrepressible spirit of gambling, which perhaps at the present time (chiefly through the agency of horse-racing) pervades all classes more completely than at any former period. However this may be, it seems rather inconsistent that, while we sternly forbid home lotteries, we allow our people to take risks in foreign lotteries. The Continental code of morality differs in some respects from that of this country, so that various European States and municipalities make no scruple of increasing their resources by this species of gambling. Here we are very strict. Not long ago some enterprising purveyors of sweetmeats were brought up before the magistrates because in some of their boxes of "goodies" a prize lay hidden, which was held to infringe the Lottery Act. Yet, by the agency of the post, we are deluged with foreign lottery circulars, written in amusingly quaint English, but providing every facility for investing in these ventures by means of stamps, cheques, or Post Office orders. No doubt they get plenty of customers in this country, since a payment of six shillings gives the holder of the ticket a chance of winning 20,000*l.*, or if not that, numbers of smaller prizes. We should like to know whether the guardians of our public morals can devise any efficient means for checking these speculations, because, if they cannot, let us help to lighten our own taxes by resuscitating the system which is inseparably connected with the name of Bish.

NOTICE.—The Half-Sheet this week, although delivered in the middle of the Paper, must be placed for binding between pages 540 and 549.



SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW OF CATTLE, IMPLEMENTS, ROOTS, &c., &c.

SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.

MONDAY, Dec. 6, at 2 o'clock. Admission, 5s.

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, at 9 o'clock.

AGRICULTURAL HALL CO. Admission, 1s.

(Limited). S. SIDNEY, Secretary.

Barford Street, Islington.

THE BIRMINGHAM CATTLE AND POULTRY SHOW.

The THIRTY-SECOND GREAT ANNUAL EXHIBITION of FAT CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS, DOMESTIC POULTRY, CORN, ROOTS, and Implements will be held in Ringley Hall, Birmingham, on MONDAY, November 29, Admission 5s.; TUESDAY, November 30, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, December 1 and 2, 1s. For Excursion Trains and other special Railway arrangements, see the advertisements and bills of the various Companies.

THE NATIONAL DOG SHOW.

The TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION will be held in CURZON HALL, BIRMINGHAM, on November 20th and 30th, and December 1st and 2nd. The PRIVATE VIEW on MONDAY NEXT, November 20th. Admission from 9.30 to 5.00 *o'clock*, 5s.; from Three till Five, 2s. 6d.; after that hour, 1s. On TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY NEXT, Admission 1s. Children half-price. Entrance Doors closed on first three days at 8 p.m., and on the last day at 5 p.m. GEORGE BEECH, Secretary, Temple Row, Birmingham.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. THE TURKISH KING, Mr. Corney Grain's New Musical Sketch, THE HAUNTED ROOM, and A FLYING VISIT. Evening Performances, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 o'clock. Thursday and Saturday Afternoons at 2.30. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Admission 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 5s., 5s.

THE GRAPHIC

XMAS NUMBER

Will be Ready on DEC. 6.
It will contain

16 COLOURED PICTURES of seasonal subjects
5 from Paintings by the Best Artists; and
CHRISTMAS STORIES by Authors of well-established repute.

14 COLOURS, being a fac-simile of a Painting executed expressly for this Number by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., entitled

"CHERRY RIPE."

This Picture is thought by competent judges to be Mr. Millais' finest work, and a worthy companion of Sir Joshua Reynolds' famous "Penelope Boothby." The Plate measures 33 in. by 22 in.

The unprecedented number of 450,000 of this Plate is being issued, but as the trade orders will far exceed this supply, intending purchasers should take care at once to book their orders, if they wish to secure a copy of what promises to be the Christmas Annual of the season.

Please order through your Newsagent, and not direct from the Office.

ONE SHILLING; by Post, 3d. extra.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

A NEW STORY.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES GREEN.

ENTITLED,

"THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET,"

BY MESSRS. BESANT AND RICE,

AUTHORS OF

"Ready Money Mortiboy," &c.,

WILL BE COMMENCED IN

THE GRAPHIC, DEC. 4, 1880

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—THE CORNICIAN BROTHERS Every Night, 8.30. Louis and Fabien dei Franchi, Mr. Irving. At 7.30 BYRON'S, 5, W. Pinner. Doors open at 7. Special Morning Performances of THE CORNICIAN BROTHERS, Saturdays, Nov. 27 and Dec. 4 and 12, at 2.30. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open 10 to 5. Seats booked by letter or telegram.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY. Conductor, Sir MICHAEL COSTA.—THE FORTY-NINTH SEASON will COMMENCE at St. James's Hall on FRIDAY, 3rd December, with Beethoven's Mass in C, Mendelssohn's Lauda Sion and Christus. Principal Vocalists: Mrs. Osgood, Miss Hancock, Mr. H. Guy, Mr. F. King, Mr. C. Henry. Organist, Mr. Willing. Subscription for Series of Nine Concerts, 2s. 2½, and 3 Guineas each. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s., 5s., and 2s. 6d., now ready at the Society's Office, 7, John Street, Adelphi; Austin's, St. James's Hall; and principal Musicians.

MASKELYNE AND COOKE, EGYPTIAN HALL.—EVERY EVENING at 8. Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3 and 8. Mr. Maskelyne's New Illusory Sketch, entitled THE TEMPTATIONS OF GOOD ST. ANTHONY, including Cleopatra's Needle, is the most decided success ever achieved. Admission from 1s. to 2s.

GREAT AND UNMISTAKEABLE SUCCESS OF THE NEW PROGRAMME.—ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

THE NEW PROGRAMME PRESENTED BY THE

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS (in the 1st inst.,

having been received with the warmest marks of approbation

BY CROWDED AUDIENCES.

EVERY NIGHT DURING THE PAST WEEK,

will be repeated

EVERY NIGHT at 8,

and on

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND SATURDAY,

at 3 and 8.

The enormously successful Musical and Terpsichorean Sketch of

THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME

will be given at every performance until Christmas.

The Inimitable MOORE.

Together with the powerful phalanx of Comedians, Charles Sutton, Walter Howard, John Kemble, Sully, Cheevers, Ernest Linden, all take part in the

NEW PROGRAMME.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT.

TUESDAY NEXT, November 30th,

at 8 o'clock, Concert of

SCOTTISH SONGS,

by the

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.

"The Macgregor's Gathering," "Mary of Argyle," "Bonnie Eloise," "Rose of Allandale," "Annie Laurie," "When Jamie Comes over the Sea," "Ye Banks and Braes," "The Scottish Blue Bells," "Auld Lang Syne," &c., sung by the following

eminent members of the Company:

Charles Henry, E. Florestein, Vernon Reed, Ralf Hunt, Sydney Herbert, Frank Perceval, V. Richards, and H. De Brenner.

Assisted by the Splendid Choir.

SAVOY HOUSE.—GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS by the

GREAT MASTERS. Also Specimens of Reproductions in Chromo-lithography and Colour Printing, from the Paintings of the English, French, German, and

mental Schools. Catalogues post-free on application to the Manager, at the Gallery, Savoy House, 115 and 116, Strand, London, W.C.

DORIS GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of

Divine dignity,"—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily

10 to 6. One Shilling.

THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of HIGH-CLASS

PICTURES by BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS is NOW OPEN at

ARTHUR TOOTH and SON'S GALLERY, 5, Haymarket (opposite Her Majesty's Theatre). Admission One Shilling, including Catalogue.

THE SIXTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of WATER

COLOUR DRAWINGS is now OPEN at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY,

7, Haymarket, next the Theatre. Admission, including Catalogue, One Shilling.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD ART SCHOOLS,

7, ELM TREE ROAD, N.W.

Drawing from the Life and Antique Painting from Model and Still Life.

Students specially prepared for Royal Academy.

(Two successful at last competition.)

Apply to A. A. CALDERON, Esq., Principal.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON.

Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.

Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool Street.

Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days.

Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Season Tickets.

Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.

Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton,

Every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge.

Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.

Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday,

From Victoria at 10.45 a.m., and London Bridge at 10.35 a.m.

Pullman Drawing Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton

Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations

On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

A Special Train for Horses, Carriages, and Servants,

From Victoria to Brighton, at 10.15 a.m. every Weekday.

GRAND AQUARIUM AND PAVILION.

Military and other Concerts every Saturday Afternoon,

For which the above Saturday Cheap Tickets are available.

NEW ROUTE TO WEST BRIGHTON.

By the Direct Line Preston Park to Cliftonville.

A Morning Up and Evening Down Fast Train.

Every Weekday between London Bridge and West Brighton

PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE.

VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, AND ROUEN.

Cheap Express Service every Week night, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class.

From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m.

Fares.—Single, 33s., 21s., 17s.; Return, 55s., 39s., 30s.

Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent cabins, &c.

Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are

issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

HAVRE.—Passengers booked through by this route every Week-day from Victoria

and London Bridge as above.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's

West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and No. 8, Grand Hotel

Buildings, Trafalgar Square; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.



THE AGITATION IN IRELAND

THE prosecution of the Land Leaguers has been advanced by one or two formal stages, and the trial will probably commence on December 17 in the Queen's Bench before a special jury, an order being made that the days required for the trial shall be deemed part of the Michaelmas Sittings. There will probably be some difficulty in getting a jury together, as many of the merchants and other citizens of Dublin consider it unreasonable that the Government should expose them to the risk of being "Boycotted" or murdered, and some have even expressed their resolve to go to prison rather than serve. The League funds have been lodged in a Continental bank to prevent confiscation. The Defence Fund now amounts to over 2,000*l.*, and Mr. Egan says that the defence will cost over 10,000*l.* Mr. Parnell has issued an appeal for aid, saying that Government has "bought up all the legal talent," and that if the prosecutions should succeed, and the leaders be incarcerated, "it is feared that the tenantry will resort to the wild justice of revenge."

Several Land League meetings were held on Sunday, a notable feature being the number of priests and clergymen who took part in the proceedings. Mr. Michael Davitt arrived on Saturday from New York with a number of presents for Mr. Parnell, including the Freedom of the City of Chicago. Mr. Davitt states that he has established branches of the League in nearly every important city in the United States, and that a Ladies' Land League of America has been founded by Miss Fanny Parnell and Miss Ellen Forde. We are glad to see that he lost no time in declaring that "Landlord shooting, to say the least, is unnecessary," and that acts of violence could only do harm to the cause. At the last meeting of the League Mr. Egan spoke of the calumnies which had been circulated about Mr. Parnell and his tenants, and read a circular which that gentleman had issued to his tenants, offering them their holdings for the future at the Poor Law valuation.

A great number of fresh outrages are reported. On Thursday last week a farm bailiff at Pallas was shot at and wounded, on Friday a farmer at Castle Connell was shot at through his window, and on Saturday night at Ballymore a young man was violently assaulted by some ruffians whom he is unable to identify. Another farmer found the other morning that a pitfall had been dug just outside his door, on which was posted a threatening notice. A few of the resident landlords, notably Mr. Stacpoole, of Edenvale, County Clare, and Mr. Adair, of Glenveagh, Donegal, disdaining to ask for police protection, go about armed, declaring that if they meet any assailants they will shoot them down. This seems to frighten the Boycotters, for, though the gentlemen above named have been repeatedly threatened, no harm has yet befallen them. Some of the persons concerned in the reinstatement of the Widow Dempsey at Ballinasloe have been arrested for "assembling to the terror and alarm of Her Majesty's subjects," but the magistrate discharged them, saying that, though their conduct was unwarrantable, there was no case to go to a jury. A similar demonstration has this week taken place at Castle Blakeney, Galway, where 700 men assembled and rebuilt a house for an evicted tenant. A large force of police were present, but did not interfere with the work. Fourteen men, including a soldier on furlough, have been committed for trial at Cork for taking part in a riot which occurred at a torchlight procession on Tuesday (the anniversary of the execution of the Manchester Fenians), when a number of shots were fired at the police. A like number have been summoned for annoying Captain Boycott during his recent visit to Ballinrobe; and five others have been arrested for taking part in a riot at a recent Land League meeting at Ballyduff, when the police were severely assaulted. Michael Moore and his brother Patrick have been lodged in Limerick Gaol, on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of Mr. Wheeler near Oola. A police inspector at Castletown, near Berehaven, has asked for an official inquiry into the conduct of his men, who, he says, have been falsely accused of houghing cattle, and committing other malicious injuries.

Turning to our engravings on the front page, we have first "Reconnoitring," a sketch of some military officers in the neighbourhood of Lough Mask; "Father O'Malley" explaining to the peasantry in the streets of Ballinrobe the reason for the abandonment of the proposed counter demonstration to Fermanagh; "Passing a Demagogue to the Front," an incident of the recent Parnell reception at Limerick, when the meeting place was so crowded that some of the speakers had to reach the platform in the way depicted; and "Evicted," a scene which one cannot help believing is only too frequent in unhappy Ireland, even when due allowance has been made for the exaggeration of professional agitators. On page 540 we have a dinner party at Lough Mask, where, by the way, the work is now almost complete, and the labourers are thinking about getting back to their homes, some of the military having already been withdrawn from Ballinrobe because of the sufferings of the horses from damp and frost. Contradictory rumours as to what Captain Boycott himself intends to do are still afloat, but a few days will show whether he means to go or stay. He has this week received some fresh letters threatening to shoot him. On the next page we have an ordinary meeting of the Council of the Land League, which meetings are held in Dublin.

THE INTERNATIONAL REGATTA

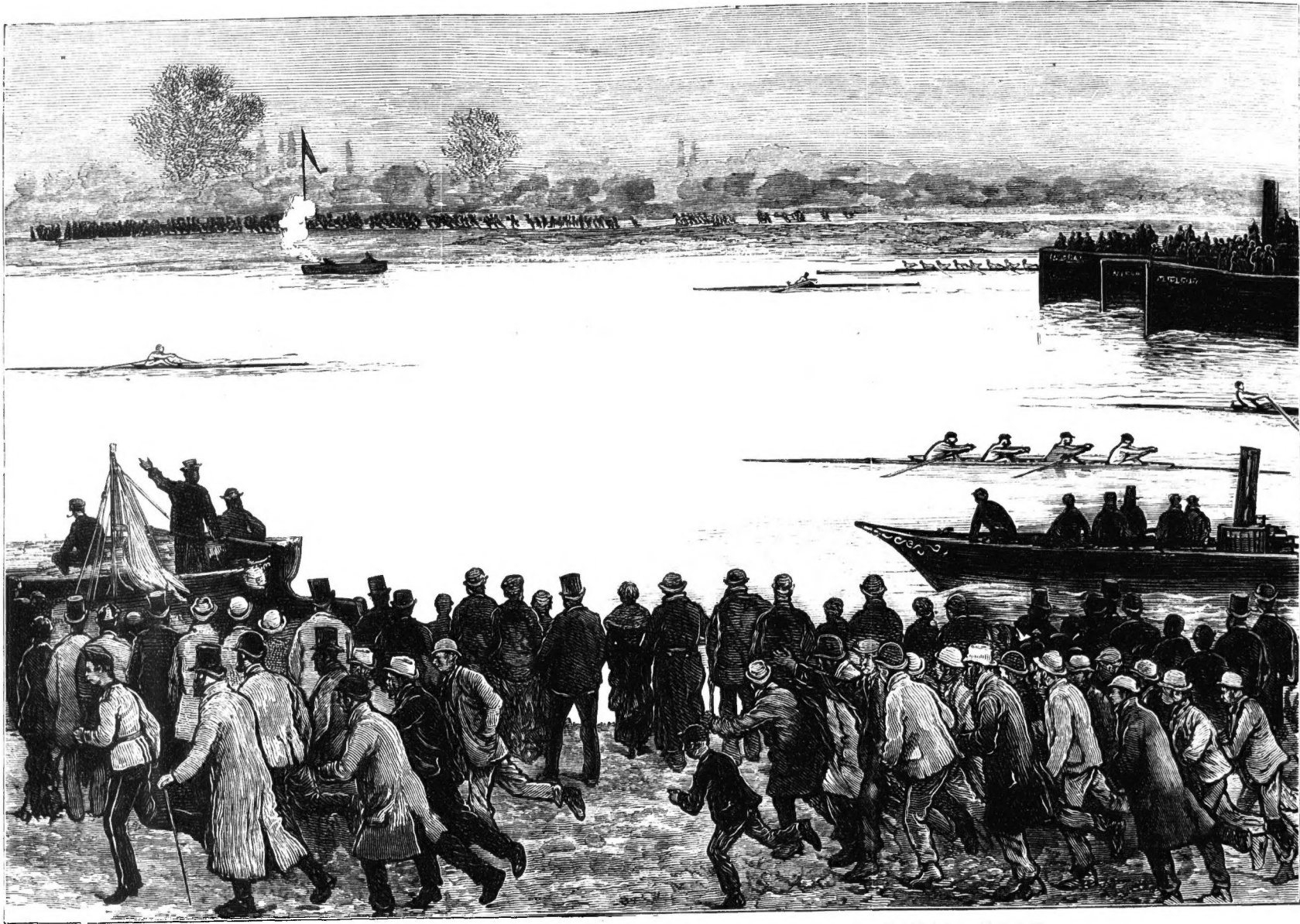
NOVEMBER is scarcely the month which our ancestors would have selected for rowing matches, but, supposing one of our old oarsmen of fifty years ago could have been resuscitated last week, he would have been so completely astonished by the aquatic marvels that he would have had no sense of surprise left for the weather. Once upon a time—not so very long ago—England was the rowing country of the world—she had no rivals. It was "Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere." Now, however, her progeny "beyond the salt sea ocean" have come to the front in all kinds of manly exercises,

Until at last the old man
Was beaten by the boy,

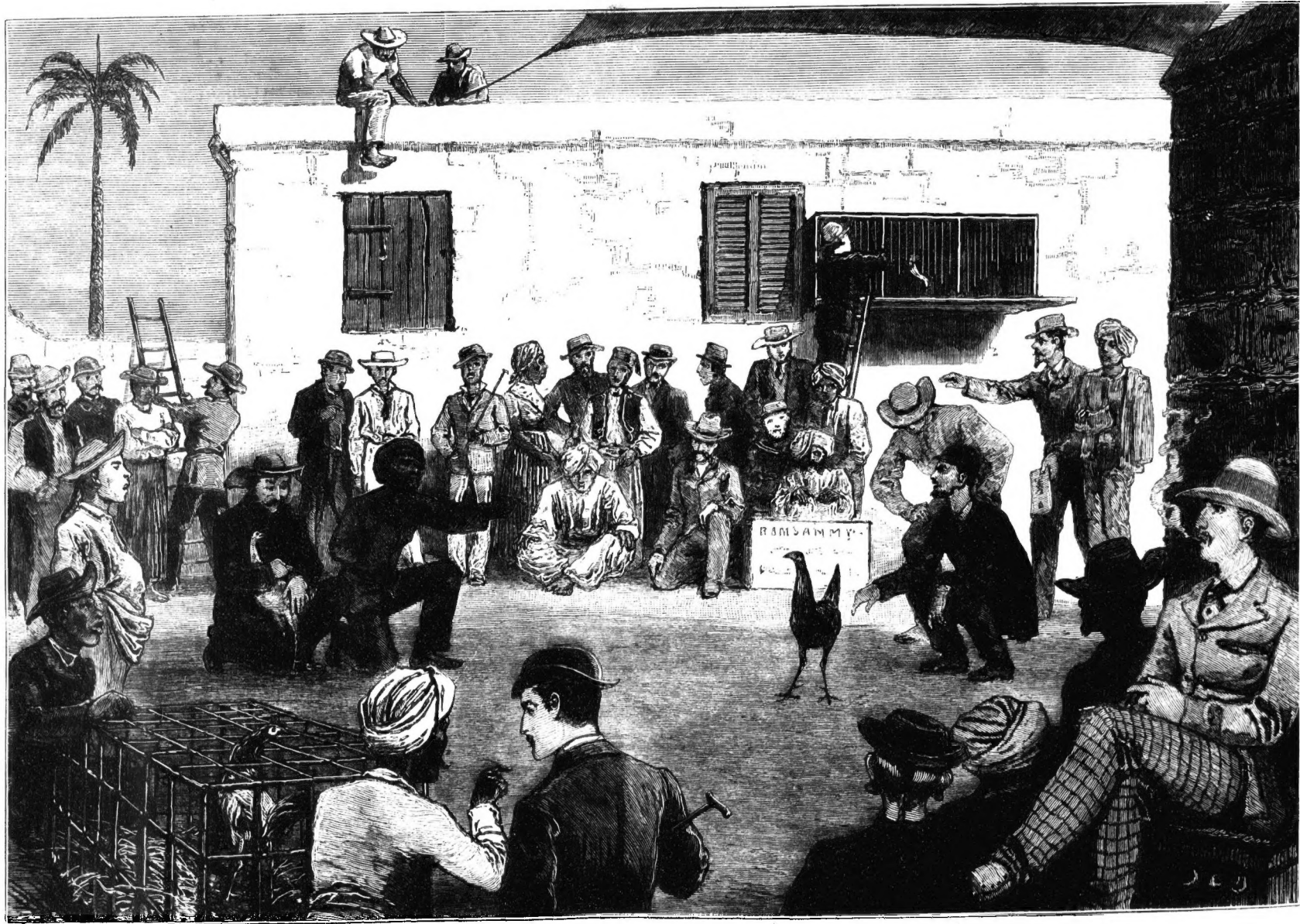
as the song says. It is some comfort to think that the men who knocked our home-grown oarsmen "into a cocked hat" last week on the Thames are not genuine "foreigners," they are, after all, "our boys," though born and bred under other skies, American or Australian.

The antediluvian oarsman above referred to would be puzzled to know what is the connection between Hop Bitters and rowing. Nevertheless the fact remains that it was an American Company, established for the sale of the aforesaid stomachic, who offered the thousand pounds' worth of prizes which were rowed for during Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of last week.

These rewards were competed for by four men from the North of England, four from the South of England, two Americans, two Canadians, and two Australians. The Englishmen, doubtless, were only half trained, nevertheless the sad fact remains that when the final heat came to be rowed on Saturday, all the "inferiorities" having been successively weeded out, there was not an Englishman "in it." Two Canadians, an American, and an Australian were the ultimate antagonists, and, after one of the finest sculling races witnessed on the Thames, Laycock, the Australian, won. Further particulars of the contest will be found under the head of "Sporting."



THE INTERNATIONAL SCULLING RACE—THE FINAL HEAT



COCK-FIGHTING AT PORT LOUIS, MAURITIUS



DR. WEIMAR

Condemned to Penal Servitude for aiding Soloviev in his Attempt on the Czar's Life



MICHAEL PAPOV

Condemned to Death for Taking Part in the Socialist Propaganda (Sentence Commuted to Penal Servitude for Life)



ALEXANDER KVIATKOVSKI

Executed November 15 for Participation in the Plot to blow up the Winter Palace



MDLE. MARY GRIASSOVA

Condemned to Fifteen Years' Penal Servitude for Aiding in the Publication of *The Will of the People* (Sentence Commuted to Transportation to Siberia)



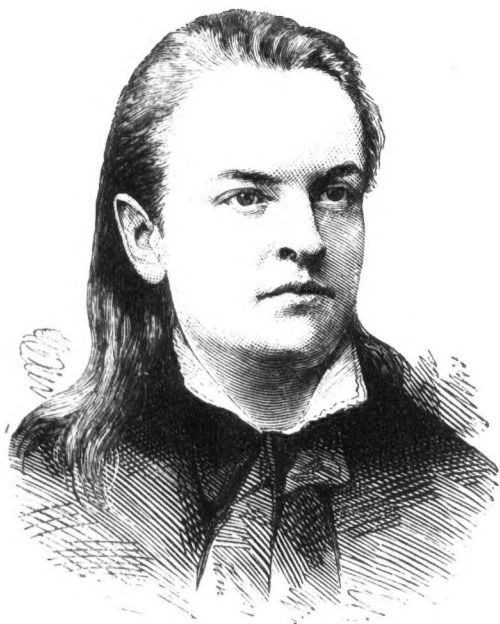
MUISHKIN

Condemned to Twenty Years' Penal Servitude for Propaganda, Publication of the Forbidden Books, and Attempting to liberate Tchernieshevski



MDLE. SOPHIA IVANOVA

Condemned to Fifteen (Sentence Commuted to Four) Years' Penal Servitude for Aiding in the Publication of *The Will of the People*



MDME. OLGA NATHANSON

Condemned to Exile in Siberia for Taking Part in the Socialist Propaganda



STEPHEN SHIRAIYEV

Condemned to Death (Sentence since Commuted to Penal Servitude for Life) for Participation in the Plot to blow up the Imperial Train on the Moscow Railway



MDLE. EUGENIA FIGNER

Sentenced to Fifteen Years' Penal Servitude for her Connection with the Terrorist Party (Sentence Commuted to Transportation to Siberia)

COCKFIGHTING AT PORT LOUIS, MAURITIUS

PASSING a bye street in this town of many races, our artist, perceiving a furtive gathering through an opening door of a courtyard, went in out of curiosity, and found himself permitted to be spectator of a Sunday cockfight carried on in spite of vigilance of police. In the arena, and under shade of a sailcloth, were a crowd around the owners of the birds, betting on and discussing points of fancy in the fierce-looking cocks, who seemed to appreciate being heroes of the hour, carrying themselves as erect and proudly as could be, other feathered gladiators being in neighbouring cages to await their turn. Twenty rupees being laid down by a sporting Madrassee and a French Creole, the owners, the tournament commenced, without artificial spurs. After each round, when the skill in fence and clever sparring elicited cheers of partisans, the birds were wiped down, caressed, and addressed to commence again. Our artist did not wait for conclusion, which, after two hours, he learnt was a draw for first set, but, sketch finished, was let out. The crowd were Creoles, and a mixture of all races of Asians and Africans and half castes, for whose refreshment a Hindostanee cake seller was plying his trade, with his wares in a box, labelled, "RAMSAMMY, Consolidated Hawker of Colonial Produce."

THE CONDEMNED RUSSIAN NIHILISTS

AND

ST. BENEDICT'S COLLEGE, LOCH NESS

See page 343.

AT THE LONDON THEATRES

1. *The Corsican Brothers* at the Lyceum. The scene of the Frozen Glade, in the Forest of Fontainebleau, painted by Messrs. Craven and Cuthbert, is admirably realistic. We shiver sympathetically when the curtain goes up and discloses it. We shiver again, from a different cause, when Fabien dei Franchi (Mr. Irving) and Chateau Renaud (Mr. Terriss) fight the deadly duel, in which, after having broken their swords, they continue the contest with the points.

2. The music of *Olivette* at the Strand is bright and pretty, while the brilliant dresses and scenery combine to make the piece very popular. In our picture the Duc des Iles (Mr. Ashley) and Coquelicot (Mr. H. Cox) are plotting for the overthrow of the Duchess. Olivette (Miss St. John) hides behind a high-backed chair. An ejaculation reveals her presence. The Duc crouches down, and is about to pop his head on the other side of the chair, when Olivette accosts him. She is then made "one of us."

3. The costumes in *Mary Stuart* at the Court are remarkably rich and correct. The scene is taken from the first act, where Mary (Madame Modjeska) is in prison at Fotheringhay Castle. She scornfully crushes in her hand the warrant which Lord Burleigh (Mr. Price) presents to her.

4. This depicts the third tableau from the first act of *The World at Drury Lane*. Sir Clement Huntingford (Mr. Rignold), Bashford (Mr. Macklin), Ned Owen (Miss F. Brough), and Owen (Mr. Huntley) are on the raft after the explosion of the *Lily of the Valley*. Huntingford and Bashford fight for the last drop of water, which is spilled in the struggle, when a sail appears, and all are saved except Owen, who dies on the raft. The scene is very cleverly painted and arranged by Mr. Emden.

5. The first scene of the third act of *Hamlet* at the New Princess's Theatre is here represented. The point selected is where Hamlet (Mr. Edwin Booth) says to Ophelia (Miss Gerard) "Get thee to a nunnery." Mr. Booth's acting in this scene was very fine, and Miss Gerard, after Ophelia has become crazy, was very touching, and "brought down the house."

THE OPENING OF THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION

WE have already given an account of the opening ceremony of the Melbourne Exhibition in our Special Supplement, so that we need say little more in explanation of our engraving than that it depicts the performance of the Cantata, which is entitled "Victoria Illustrated, in Two Parts—the Past and Present." This lasted some two hours, and was executed most creditably by a choir of some 900 voices, being in every sense, to use the words of the correspondent of *The Colonies and India*, a "home production." The organ was of Melbourne manufacture, the words and music were the production of local genius, and by far the greater number of vocalists were what would be termed "Australian born." The author of the Exhibition Cantata, we learn from the *Illustrated Australian News*, is Mr. J. W. Meaden, whom we are told "is a gentleman of retired habits carrying on a small drapery business in Collingwood, all unknown except to local fame." He had previously obtained prizes for the prologue and epilogue read at the opening and closing of the Geelong Exhibition, and has carried off a medal for an Essay on the Temperance question. The music has been composed by a French resident, M. Léon Caron, whose powers as a composer are stated to be of "a very high order." Both the words and music appear to have given great satisfaction, and Messrs. Meaden and Caron were enthusiastically applauded at the close of the performance.

"A DOOR WITH TWO LOCKS"

A STORY in Four Parts, by Julian Hawthorne, is concluded in this number.

GONE OUT TO AUSTRALIA

See page 546.

THE BASUTO WAR

"THE Tambookies," writes our artist, "under Stock Tyali and other chiefs in the Wittebergen, having risen, and co-operated with the Basuto rebels, operations have been begun against them in the very rugged and mountainous district known as New England, which lies between Herschel on the west, Barkly-Wodehouse on the south, and Palmietfontein to the north. Captain Nesbitt, of the Barkly Yeomanry, with Captain Mandant Mülhenbeck, of the Barkly Border Guard, are advancing against the Tambookies from the Barkly side. Commandant Alan Maclean, with 600 Herschel Fingoes, is moving forward from the Herschel district, on the road to Palmietfontein, which is likely to become the base for the conduct of operations in Southern Basutoland and the country under Moirosi."

"While No. 4 Troop of the Cape Mounted Rifles were away at Moolahies Hoek, assisting in the relief of Mr. Surmon and his eleven white men, Palmietfontein was more or less surrounded at night by rebel Basutos across the Orange River and Tambookies. The sketch enclosed represents a bastion on the south side of the No. 4 Troop Cape Mounted Rifles' station, which has been strongly fortified with stone breastworks, six feet high, with sand bags on the top, between the huts further strengthened with bastions. One of these is seen in the foreground, made of coils of telegraph wires and boxes of telegraph stores. On the little cliff beyond is seen a small fort, called 'Fort Ayliff,' after the popular Fingoe leader, Captain Ayliff."

"Palmietfontein stands at the junction of the Jellé River with the Orange River. About five miles across the Jellé River is Alwyn's Kop, the Residency of Mr. Austen, magistrate in the country called Moirosi. Mr. Austen was attacked by a body of Tambookies on the 6th of October, who were reinforced by about 900 Basutos on the other side of the Orange River. Mr. Austen had partially repulsed the Tambookies, but was beginning to be pressed by the Basutos, when Captain Ayliff, with fifty

Fingoes from Palmietfontein, arrived to his aid, and relieved him. During the night alarms in camp on October 5th and 6th; the small garrison of white people had among their ranks an Amazon in the person of Mrs. Jones, of the Jellé Drift, who gallantly took up a position behind the breastwork, armed with carbine, banderol, and a large revolver. Her husband, Mr. Jones, whose place at the Jellé Drift has been burnt out, and who has removed with his wife and goods into camp, is the character of the for ever doing kind things for sick men. Our sketch represents the worthy couple on the brow of the hill at daybreak watching the attack on Mr. Austen's place. Mr. Jones has been asked to be a Fingoes leader, but he refuses on the ground 'that he is an independent gentleman, and doesn't want any appointment, and won't take any pay from Government for his services,' so he acts as an honorary *aide-de-camp*, and his services are really valuable in that capacity."

"As the war proceeds in Basutoland probably some difficulty will be found in taking the caves about the upper part of the Orange River, or those on the Quithing. The sketch of Doda's Cave gives an idea of one of these formidable strongholds. The entrance is defended by a 'schantye' or stone wall, and in the caves at intervals are other walls loopholed."

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S "ENDYMION."*

THE "literary sensation" so long promised us has come; and "Lothair" has been followed by "Endymion." By the time these words are in type, nearly all who take an interest in the matter will either have read Lord Beaconsfield's new novel for themselves, or will at least either have whetted or dulled their appetite with the instantaneous accounts of it which appeared in the daily papers. We shall, therefore, take as generally known such elementary facts concerning its plot as that Mr. Endymion Ferrars was a clerk in Somerset House who became Premier shortly after the close of the Crimean War, while his sister Myra developed from being companion to a banker's daughter into, firstly, a Countess, and then a Queen. Lord Beaconsfield has never shown himself more niggardly than Dumas the elder in scattering millions among his heroes; but he is probably the first novelist who has ventured to throw a royal crown to a heroine of our own time.

Only by a critical fiction, too transparent to adopt, can the interest we all take in "Endymion" be considered as of other than a strictly personal kind. To herald it as a "literary" sensation was not a little absurd, seeing that literature had nothing to do with the matter, and that, were it the veriest trash ever penned, it would still be a novel by an extraordinary man who has himself been premier, and may—who can dare be prophetic about such a career?—be again in the position in which we bid farewell to Endymion Ferrars. People who do not care a straw about literature will, a good deal more perhaps than those who care about it a great deal, turn to "Endymion" as a sequel to "Lothair." They will look for, and they will find, clever political portraits roughly dashed off by one who knew and understood their originals, so far as, without a grain of sympathy, it is possible to understand any man. They will be carried, as a matter of course, into the inmost circles of high politics and diplomacy, and will receive lessons in the art of how the strings are pulled behind the scenes. It is true that, otherwise than in "Coningsby," for example, we are told very little, if anything, more about anybody than all the world knows; but it is, at any rate, satisfactory to learn, on such high authority, that our superficial judgments of our public men have been at least as just and as accurate as Lord Beaconsfield's. And meanwhile it is unquestionably interesting, in a non-literary sense, to pass a few hours with the rather mixed-up but perfectly decipherable personages who represent, in however shadowy a way, Lord Palmerston, Lord Herbert of Lea, Prince Bismarck, Queen Hortense, and, by no means least, the late Emperor of the French, whose romantic marriage is told, without any pretence of novelty, in the history of the marriage of Myra Ferrars with King Florestan. No key is needed to identify Florestan with Louis Napoleon, or Bismarck with the "Blood and Iron" political philosophy of the Prince of Ferroll. Cobden, Archbishop Manning, and others are represented more indirectly; and the Countess of Montfort—to whom Endymion owes his fortune and happiness—plays the part of many great ladies in one.

The novel is purely and essentially political. Apart from Downing Street and St. Stephen's there is no attempt to colour the book with human interest of any sort or kind. Such trifling topics as common novelists affect cannot be wholly omitted, but they are dealt with as slightly as possible, and with an apparently unstudied avoidance of the gorgeous sentiment which used to mark such passages in the novels of Benjamin D'Israeli. Strange to say, there is an almost complete absence of the paradox and epigram, which gave those earlier works their chief distinction. "Knowledge is the foundation of Eloquence," and "He found refuge in suicide, as many do, from want of imagination," are good phrases, and the latter is a deep and real truth, as well as a good phrase. But they stand almost alone, in their form, among three volumes of sentences from which point seems to be deliberately excluded. Wit, of course, is not essential to a good novel; but we miss it when the novel is Lord Beaconsfield's. "The envy and hatred which all literary men really feel for each other," is not a good phrase, because it is most assuredly not a true one—at any rate not more true than "all lawyers" or "all politicians" were substituted for "all literary men." The doctrines intended to be learned from "Endymion" are not paradoxes, but principles. The first principle which Lord Beaconsfield's experience enables him to teach us is that the great thing which the political aspirant has to do is to make friends with women, because women rule the political world; and what, in that world, woman wills, is done. Endymion rises from clerk to Premier, not because of his talent, which is but moderate, nor of his ambition, which is on a yet lower level, nor of his strength of character, which is at zero, but because he has a clever, ambitious, and strong-minded sister, whose beauty wins the hand of a Cabinet Minister; and because the leading Tory lady is his friend, and because the leading Whig lady loves him. The second great principle is seemingly a little inconsistent with the first, and is thus expressed, sweepingly, if not grammatically—"Everybody can do exactly what they like in this world, provided they really like it;" and in another place (Myra is speaking), thus—"I have brought myself, by long meditation, to the conviction that a human being with a settled purpose must accomplish it." But by "will" is evidently meant woman's will, especially as we learn that personal obscurity is the condition of real power. And yet we are farther told that the most admirably arranged set of circumstances and advantages are of no use to a Government without some commanding personality to use them. So the inevitable conclusion seems to be that the best and strongest form of Government is that of a man with a commanding manner for show, and with some unknown woman behind him to pull the strings. All but Endymion are failures, because they are incompletely mated, or stand alone. Priests are a match for women, but priests alone. Not much fresh light is thrown upon the politics of the period between the death of Canning, when the novel opens, and the close of the Crimean War, when it ends, though they hold the place occupied by love in the ordinary run of novels. But, on the whole, these materials make up a lively and instructive, if not very important, contribution to the outer history of the second quarter of the century.

* "Endymion." By the Author of "Lothair." Longmans and Co., 1886.

Still, after all, even a historical novel is a novel in the first place, and only a history, or an essay, in the second: a literary canon which Lord Beaconsfield has never forgotten till now. We are not interested in the persons of Endymion and Myra Ferrars. Interest in them is simply and absolutely an impossible thing. Their story is not the worse for being what more timid writers would reject as impossible. Few things are impossible; and the Arabian Nights are not the less interesting on the score of their dealing with events which are not very likely. There is something attractive even to the soberest minds in reading how a penniless English orphan became a great Queen. But one touch of real, warm, human nature—one true heart-beat—is what we miss in "Endymion," and is what, through all their paradoxes, their extravagances, their airs of mystification and of mockery, we have never wholly missed in any of Lord Beaconsfield's former novels. In "Endymion," we have none of the old manner which used to make the reader uncomfortably suspect the author was laughing at him in his sleeve; everything is simple and serious—even the undisguised envy and snobishness of Mr. St. Barbe. But, on the other hand, we have neither the underlying enthusiasm which the least penetrative reader could always feel was there, nor the ripeness and width of wisdom into which enthusiasm, combined with experience, ought to change. The general effect is that which belongs to a style that is cold and hard, without being bright or keen—to a frost without sunshine, and to a blunt sword. There is not a word that will be welcomed by a friend, or that will offend a foe. When we think of "Tancred," of "Coningsby," and even of "Vivian Grey"—books that must live when every allusion they contain is forgotten—a novel like "Endymion" takes a lower place, by process of comparison, than it would take if it stood alone. But, judging it on its own merits, and with no reference to its predecessors, we cannot feel that the novel would have given distinction to an author with a name less than Lord Beaconsfield's. It would have been accepted as a clever but superficial *résumé* of historical reading thrown into the form of a romance by an author who does not know that the art of fiction is nothing more or less than the art of making us feel. "Endymion" is too serious to amuse, and too cold to touch deeper sympathies. As a study of its author it is a blank: and is therefore, in this respect, exactly what a novel ought to be.



PARLIAMENT has been further prorogued from the 24th inst. to the 2nd ult., and the significant words, "for the despatch of business," are omitted from the Royal Proclamation. It is, therefore, open for the Government to order a still further prorogation, and rumour has it that Parliament will really be called together about the second week in January.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.—The condition of Ireland is still the chief—if not the sole—topic at political gatherings, and the opinions expressed are as diverse as ever. Lord Salisbury, speaking on Friday last at the dinner of the Hackney Conservative Club, said that "crime and outrage, though disagreeable to persons who live in their midst, have a distinct parliamentary value," and that the Birmingham members of the Government were "unconsciously enlisted on the side of outrage and disorder," as furnishing an argument in favour of their pet theories.—On Monday, Mr. Arthur Arnold, M.P. for Salford, addressing his constituents, said that the Land Leaguers' programme of Parliamentary Land Reform, though not illegal, was unjust, for it was not right that a price settled by the buyers should be forced upon the sellers. Referring to the outrages, he asked why were not the perpetrators punished? He could understand the escape of the murderers, but not the impunity of bands of twenty or thirty men. Either the reports of the outrages must be exaggerated, and the Government ought to have contradicted them, or they were truthful, and the possibility of their unpunished occurrence involved the most terrible failure of the system of police. Lord Arthur Russell, speaking at Tavistock on Tuesday, suggested that the Government might wisely suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, a course which had produced salutary effects on former occasions; and said that emigration was the best panacea yet suggested for Irish distress, but in the teeth of priestly opposition it would not be generally adopted. He had full confidence that the sagacity and firmness of Mr. Gladstone would relieve the difficulty.—Mr. Mellor, Q.C., speaking on the same day at a Liberal *soirée* at Bristol, contended that Mr. Forster had never had justice done to him. If the Government were to be defeated, and he were to give up the Irish Secretaryship, the miseries of that unhappy country would be intensified, and all hope for her would be gone. At another meeting at Bristol, on Wednesday Mr. Morley, M.P., said that he should be sorry to see coercion used, but if the agitators could not be brought to reason they must be controlled, for there could be no deliberate legislation under the threat of assassination.—The National Reform Union of Manchester have adopted a resolution expressing complete confidence in the Government in regard to its administration of Irish affairs.

ELECTION NEWS.—Mr. Rathbone (L.) and Mr. Nanney (C.) were on Tuesday nominated as candidates for Carnarvonshire, and the polling is fixed for the 30th inst.

SIR BARTLE FRERE, lecturing on Monday before the Royal Geographical Society on "Temperate South Africa considered as a Route to the Central Equatorial Regions," suggested that the Society might try to influence the Government in favour of a more complete survey of the East and West Coast of South Africa; and that much information respecting the interior might be obtained from travelling merchants and from missionaries.

A STATUE OF THE LATE LORD JOHN RUSSELL, from the chisel of Mr. Boehm, has just been placed in Westminster Hall.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT AGRAM.—Last week the Lord Mayor of London opened a fund at the Mansion House for the benefit of the sufferers by this catastrophe; and on Tuesday last a deputation from the London Hungarian Association waited upon him to express their grateful thanks for his unsolicited and generous sympathy. The Austro-Hungarian Charge d'Affaires has also sent a letter of thanks, with a contribution of 25*l.* to the fund.

AN EXTRAORDINARY LANDSLIP has just taken place near Sheffield, where the entire side of a hill has gradually slipped downwards a distance of three feet, carrying with it a number of houses, the occupants of which have, it is stated, suffered no inconvenience. The occurrence is attributed to the action of some subterranean springs which have been recently "tapped" by the workmen employed in an adjacent quarry.

TWO LARGE BOILERS SUDDENLY EXPLODED at the New British Ironworks, Ruabon, on Saturday, killing four men on the spot and seriously injuring thirteen others, of whom one has since died. The boilers are said to have been officially inspected only six weeks ago.

OBITUARY.—Sir Charles Yorke, G.C.B., who succeeded the late Sir William Gomm as the Constable of the Tower of London about five years ago, died on Saturday last, in his 90th year. He was a son of Colonel Yorke, sometime Lieutenant of the Tower, and had been in the army since 1807, serving in the Peninsular War, and also in India and South Africa. He was made a K.C.B. in 1856, promoted G.C.B. in 1861, and received the baton of a Field-Marshal in June, 1875.—Col. Peard, better known as "Garibaldi's

Englishman," on account of the assistance he lent to the illustrious Italian patriot in his campaigns, died on Sunday last. When Garibaldi retired to Caprera, Colonel Peard—who was a son of Admiral Peard—returned to his native county of Cornwall, of which he has since been High Sheriff.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY

THE fourteenth Annual Exhibition of oil pictures at the Dudley Gallery is a fairly representative collection of the work of the younger painters of the English school. It also contains a few pictures by artists of long-established reputation, including members and Associates of the Academy, but they do not materially add to the value of the collection. Mr. G. D. Leslie's two contributions, "Apple Dumplings" and "Cherry Pie," are not less trivial in treatment than in subject. The heads of the two domestic servants, who are respectively preparing these delicacies, are comely, but entirely insipid, and their figures are distinguished by neither expressiveness nor grace of movement. There is some admirable work in "Studying Improptus," by Mr. H. S. Marks, but it cannot be accounted one of his most successful productions. The trunk of a beech-tree, which forms its most prominent feature, is an excellent example of landscape draughtsmanship, its strange excrescences and complicated varieties of form being reproduced with the most conscientious care and completeness, but the mediæval jester seated beside it studying couplets from a manuscript, besides being out of harmony with the rest as regards colour, is strangely inanimate in expression and gesture. We cannot resist the idea that this figure was an after-thought, introduced for the purpose of converting a simple study from nature into a saleable picture. The artist's remarkable power of characterisation is, however, to be seen in a smaller picture, "The Miller of Dee." The attitude of the jovial miller who is lounging in his doorway is thoroughly natural, and his head instinct with vitality and humorous expression. Mr. E. Armitage sends a well-painted head of an elderly Arab, called "Souvenir of Algiers," and Mr. P. R. Morris, a sketch of his large picture, "La Première Communion, Dieppe." Mr. J. E. Hodgson's little riverside scene, "A Haven of Rest," is full of picturesque character, and delightfully pure and fresh in colour; but we can find nothing to admire in Mr. M. Whitter's crudely painted and scenic productions, "Thunderstorm on the Grand Prairie" and "A Summer Storm, Venice."

Among the works by the younger landscape painters, Mr. E. A. Waterlow's "Spring-time," representing a birch-tree copse with a luxuriant growth of tangled underwood, is especially noteworthy for its luminous quality of tone and its truthful delineation of natural form. A second picture, "An April Morning," by the same artist, also displays comprehensive truth combined with accuracy of detail. In both, the especial character of the season is suggested as much by the atmospheric effect as by the nature of the varied vegetation.

Mr. Joseph Knight's wild and desolate moorland scene, "April Weather," is melancholy in sentiment, but less austere than most of his works. The effect of light is forcibly rendered, and it is painted in his accustomed sound and solid style.

The two small pictures, "Counting Her Chickens" and "There He Goes," by Mr. J. White, are chiefly remarkable for the truth and beauty of the landscape; the figures to which the titles refer, and which hold an important place in the composition, are in keeping with the rest as regards proportion and colour, but they are less ably executed, and less true than the inanimate features of the scenes. The Scotch river-scene, by Mr. F. E. Cox, "Weel may the Keel Row," is much more open to criticism on this score. The figures here are of large size, and are so awkwardly posed and so incorrectly designed that they entirely destroy the pleasure that might otherwise be derived from the vigorously painted and characteristic landscape background. By Mr. J. Aumonier there is a low-toned view of "Winter Hill, near Great Marlowe," in his usual broad and truthful style; and by Mr. C. Thornely a very small river-scene, with fishing boats, "Calm Weather," remarkable for its brilliant illumination and delicate gradations of tone.

"Music Hath Charms" is the title of a very clever *genre* picture by Mr. G. Hindley, representing an old gentleman of the seventeenth century seated by the fire and playing the violin, apparently for the delectation of a magpie, who hops about on the floor beside him. This is an admirable work of its class, and should by no means be confounded with the numerous costume pictures which rely for success on their dexterous manipulation and the picturesque nature of their subjects; for while it is excellent in colour and keeping, and painted with combined breadth and *finesse*, it is remarkable above all things for its expressive qualities. Not only the face, but every line of the figure of the old gentleman, who, delighted with his music, looks affectionately over his shoulder at his little companion, is indicative of supreme contentment. A very pleasant picture of humble French domestic life is to be seen in M. Léon l'Hermite's "Le Déjeuner." The figures are true specimens of unsophisticated rustic character, and the picture is full of nicely graduated harmonies of sombre colour. In "The King's Highway," Mr. S. E. Waller has treated a well-worn theme with considerable ability and some originality. The figure of the masked highwayman on horseback is somewhat conventional, but that of the old gentleman who is reluctantly drawing his money from his pocket is humorously expressive. Mr. Heywood Hardy's "The Old Squire's Favourite" is only remarkable for the excellent drawing and painting of the horses; he is seen to more advantage in a very spirited sketch of two "Foxhounds." Mr. David Carr sends a scene of French rural life, "La Barrière," ably treated in a simple decorative style; and Mr. J. D. Watson a graceful single figure of a girl "Feeding Goats." Mr. R. W. M. Macbeth's sketchy picture of "A Brittany Waitress," Mr. F. G. Cotman's highly-finished "Lace Maker," Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's Italian "Flower Market," and Mr. F. W. W. Topham's "Foraging," are among the remaining works that will repay examination.



THEATRES

MR. BOOTH's second impersonation has been more fortunate in securing the favour of audience and critics than his first; and it is just possible that if he had made his *debut* in the part of Richelieu instead of in that of Hamlet, his injudicious admirer who comments in the *New York Herald* on his reception here might have found reason to abstain from his unfounded and absurd statement that there was a pre-determination among English critics to "damn the actor with faint praise." There was, we are convinced, no pre-determination whatever, unless it was that of giving Mr. Booth a cordial recognition of his talents, together with so much of indulgence towards any defects in his acting as a generous feeling of hospitality towards a stranger would warrant or excuse. It is quite possible that the finished style of his elocution and the highly wrought character of his illustrative action may have tended, by arresting attention in the first place, to do injustice to other and more important features; but in his performance in Lord Lytton's play, all the admirable art and study brought to bear upon this very effective part were certainly not more potent in their effects than the higher quality of imaginative power so often

brought into play. His impersonation is in no sense one of "points." Yet all the famous passages were rendered with a truly picturesque power, and altogether the many sides of the Cardinal's character—his love of command, his absorbing patriotism, his astuteness, his fondness for sly jests and grim sallies, his tenderness towards weak and faithful dependents, his indomitable spirit, rising again and again superior to the feebleness of extreme ill-health, were interpreted not only with consummate art, but with that fine artistic sense which enables the performer of genius to give harmony and completeness to a conception. Unfortunately, though there are some good actors in the company, the revivals at the NEW PRINCESS'S are of the essential complexion of "star" performances. With the exception of Mr. Ryder's excellent rendering of the part of Joseph the Capuchin, and Miss Gerard's pretty, though rather weak, impersonation of Julie, there is really very little to be said in favour of the representation.

An eccentric sort of farcical comedy produced at the CRITERION Theatre with the title of *Where's the Cat?* is, it appears, a version by Mr. Albery of a German piece, clearly modelled upon some of the wilder efforts of M. Labiche, and Messrs. Meilhac and Halévy. It maintains an endless succession of situations, throughout which Mr. Charles Wyndham is to be seen in a perpetual state of bustle and ludicrous distress; and so far no doubt it accomplishes one of the chief objects of the management, and fulfils a now recognised condition of success with Criterion audiences. But the intrigue is somewhat puerile, and the mode of its development is so confused and obscure that not all the talents of Mr. Wyndham, Mrs. John Wood, Mr. Standing, Mr. Hill, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Miss Rorke, Mr. Giddens, and other clever performers engaged were able to save the piece on the first night from some rather strong expressions of impatience.

Mr. Toole made his appearance at the FOLLY Theatre on Saturday afternoon in a comic sketch by Mr. Byron, entitled *The Light Fantastic*. The piece is very slight, and the humour is chiefly confined to the eccentricities of Mr. Samuel Slithery of the Hall of Terpsichore, a part played by this popular actor with promising indications of future development. Mr. Slithery, though but a humble professor of dancing and deportment, practising in the suburban locality of the Old Kent Road, is an enthusiast for his art, who in every posture and movement reveals the secret—if secret it could possibly be called—of his elegant profession. He is, moreover, the inventor of a new quadrille called "The Charing Cross Crawl," the dancing of which by the entire company is provocative of much droll absurdity; and, as he is furthermore a prey both to jealousy of his wife and to uncontrollable impulses of admiration towards a young lady pupil, it will be seen that the materials at least for an effective addition to his gallery of eccentric portraits have been furnished. *The Light Fantastic* will be repeated this afternoon, together with *Paul Pry*.

Mr. W. J. Florence, the American actor, gave an amusing and thoroughly natural performance of the part of Captain Cuttle in an American version of *Domby and Son*, performed at the Gaiety Theatre on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Emery was perhaps more richly humorous in the part; but no Captain Cuttle that has yet appeared on our stage has more completely embodied the honest frankness, simplicity, trustfulness, and good nature of Dickens's old marine worthy.—Mr. Ferguson's new play is already in rehearsal at the LYCEUM.—At SADLER'S WELLS Mr. Charles Warner has reappeared in the part of Young Dorrton in *The Road to Ruin*, his acting of which is generally acknowledged to be a remarkably fine impersonation. Miss Isabel Bateman plays the part of the hoydenish young heroine; and the comedy is on the whole very carefully represented.—*William and Susan* at the ST. JAMES'S Theatre will be withdrawn on Monday next to make way for the production on the following evening of *Good Fortune*, a comedy adapted by Mr. Coghlan from *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre* of Octave Feuillet—a play which has more than once been adapted for our stage.

PICCADILLY HALL.—Years ago, when we were young, people paid their money contentedly to see a single dwarf, but now the human-curiosity-monger goes about the world, popping into his net everything that is very big or very little, and thus the enterprising managers of the above establishment have secured four dwarfs at once. Miss Jenny Quigley, of Glasgow, and Commodore Foote, of Indiana, U.S., are very pleasing, intelligent little people, quite up to, or rather down to, the ordinary show standard, but they are completely eclipsed by General Mite (real name Flynn), of Chenango County, New York, and Miss Lucia Zarate, of Vera Cruz, Mexico. These little creatures can scarcely be called dwarfs, they are Lilliputians; and as they dart about the platform, for they are (especially the girl) as active as monkeys, on a level with the faces of the audience, one is irresistibly reminded of Gulliver at the Court of Brobdingnag. The gentleman is sixteen years old and twenty-one inches high; the lady is nearly eighteen, and is twenty inches high.



THE BRITISH MUSEUM has acquired some interesting old botanical drawings made by John Millar in 1783-4 for the Earl of Bute.

ITALIAN HISTORY will shortly be enriched by the notes and private opinions of one of her great statesmen, M. Rattazzi intending to publish next January the first part of her husband's biography and letters, "Rattazzi and His Times."

THE EARTHQUAKES AT AGRAM are already being turned to account by some enterprising Viennese, who have inspected the two hot springs which have burst forth during the disturbances, and propose to establish around them a summer watering-place to attract fashionable invalids.

THE RECENT PERFORMANCES OF THE "AGAMEMNON" OF ÆSCHYLUS by Oxonians have inspired Transatlantic University students to try a similar experiment. Sophocles' *Edipus Tyrannus* is now being got up by Harvard College, the Professors superintending the dresses and general mounting of the tragedy.

THE NEW INDIAN INSTITUTE AT OXFORD has been approved of by the Oxford Convocation, according to Mr. Monier Williams's proposal, Professor Max Müller opposing the scheme. Not more than 12,000*l.* are to be spent on the building, while the University chest will contribute 350*l.* yearly towards the endowment.

"CATCHY-CATCHY."—Under this title a charming photograph of a little child has been produced by Mr. J. T. Robinson, of Sunderland. The little rascal, dressed only in his baby-shirt, sits laughing at the spectator, his bright expression, and the soft, delicate contour of his plump limbs being very admirably rendered. It is the most successful portrait of a child that we have seen.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY IN PRACTICAL TELEGRAPHY has been made by a Swiss firm, who, after lengthened experiments, have devised a method of laying the cables preventing the induction of the electric current from one wire to another, although these wires may be in close juxtaposition. This discovery, it is asserted, will remove all obstacles in the way of the widest extension of telephonic communication.

AN ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION will shortly be undertaken by Sir Allen Young, who leaves next month in his steam yacht for the South Seas to make inquiries and preparations for his forthcoming

voyage. It may be remembered that the furthest point reached in the Antarctic regions is 78°4 S., attained by Sir J. Ross and Capt. Crozier in the *Erebus* and *Terror* in 1841. So little research has been undertaken towards the South Pole in comparison to the discoveries at its antipodes that Sir Allen Young has a fine field open before him.

ART IN INDIA.—The thirteenth annual exhibition of pictures and water-colour drawings has just been opened at Simla by the Viceroy, Lord Ripon, who is the patron of the Society. There are about two hundred and fifty works exhibited, several of them of great merit. The number of pictures is less than last year, owing, as was explained by his Excellency, to many of their exhibitors being on active service in Afghanistan. Several prizes were awarded, amongst others to Dr. Willcocks, Major Pullan, Lieut. Oswald Radford, Captain Strahan, and Major Strutt. Lieut. Radford's sketches have occasionally appeared in *The Graphic*.

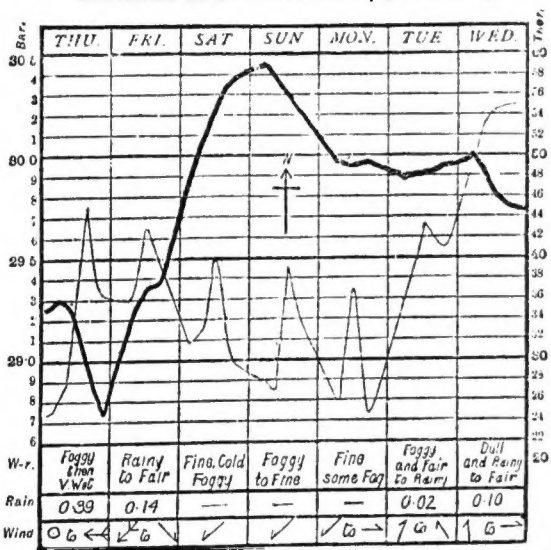
LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,489 deaths were registered, against 1,636 during the previous seven days—a decline of 147, being 232 below the average, and at the rate of 21·2 per 1,000. These deaths included 10 from small-pox (a decline of 7), 41 from measles (a decrease of 6), 66 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 18), 12 from diphtheria (a decrease of 4), 16 from whooping-cough (a decline of 1), 17 from different forms of fever (a decrease of 5), and 22 from diarrhoea. There were 2,343 births registered, against 2,538 during the previous week—a decline of 195, being 235 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 40·8 deg. and 0·8 deg. below the average. The duration of registered sunshine was 8·1 hours, the sun being above the horizon during 61·1 hours.

GENERAL GARIBALDI is spending the winter near Alassio, on the Riviera, in the hopes that the climate may restore his health, which prevents him from living in his favourite Caprera. Should Alassio prove equally unfavourable, he will be moved to Porto Maurizio, one of the warmest winter stations on the Gulf of Genoa. Inhabiting a charming villa on the seashore, the General is almost always confined to one room, where a correspondent of the *Paris Figaro* found him lying on a small iron bed, clad in the traditional red shirt, and keeping off the flies with a paper fan. His face is little altered, though his hair is white and his beard grizzled, but the complexion is good, and the bright eyes and energetic expression give little intimation that his legs are useless and his hands feeble, so that he cannot move without assistance.

THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL is anxious to introduce into his country all useful new inventions and appliances, and is particularly fond of testing personally the value of any contrivance. Having heard a particular brake greatly praised, Dom Pedro had it fitted to his special train, and some days afterwards started on a journey. At a dangerous point in the road, the engineer suddenly saw a short distance ahead an immense rock which had fallen upon the track. The train was then going at the rate of thirty-two miles an hour, and the engineer put on the brakes with such vigour that he succeeded in stopping the train before it came into collision with the obstacle. On examining the rock, however, it was found to be made of pasteboard, and it had been placed there by Dom Pedro in order to deceive the engineer, and thus afford a practical proof of the boasted capabilities of the brake.

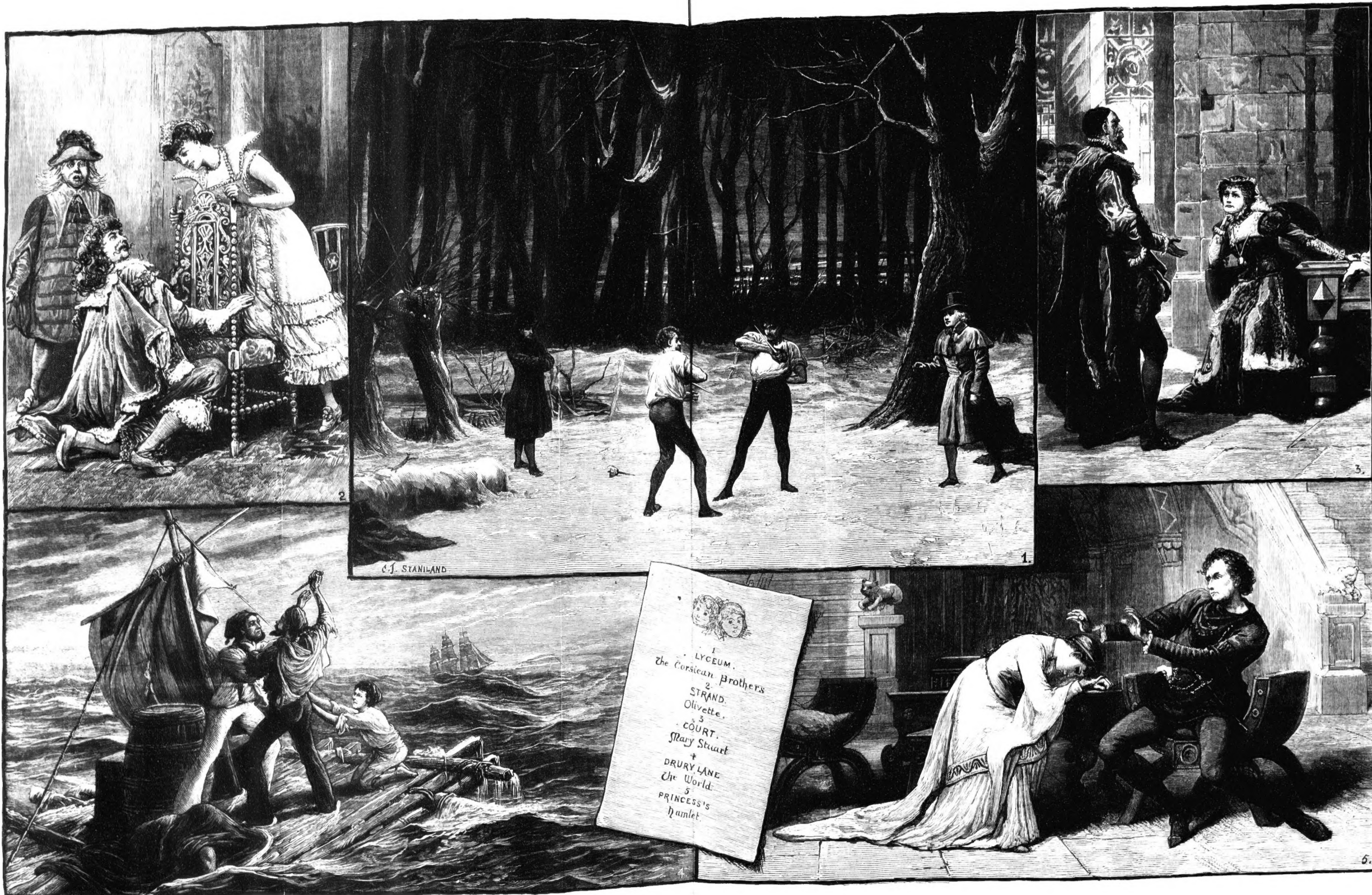
THE PARIS LOUVRE has been undergoing several alterations, the authorities having at last been awakened to the danger of the collection in case of fire, and all the heating apparatus has been overhauled and the water-supply materially increased. A new room has also been opened—the Salle Duchâtel—to contain some recent bequests, foremost among which are Ingres' *Source* and *Sphinx*, the remaining space being filled by Flemish tapestry. A picture by Ghirlandajo, bought at the famous San Donato sale, is now hung in one of the small galleries, while at the top of the chief staircase has been placed a *fresco* by Jean de Fiesole, *Christ on the Cross*. Numerous pictures have further been removed to the Louvre from the Luxembourg, where they are replaced by recent purchases of modern works from the last few Salons. Copies of many well-known pictures by the way have lately been made at the Gobelins to ornament the Elysée, which is already hung with very fine tapestry.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK
NOVEMBER 18 TO NOVEMBER 24 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather at the commencement of this period was rendered very stormy and unsettled by the advance up the English Channel of a deep depression, the readings in whose centre were as low as 28·5 inches. In London the barometer began to fall at about eight A.M., and reached its lowest point (28·75 inches) at about 9·30 P.M., the weather in the mean time changing from fair and foggy in the early morning to dull and very wet in the afternoon and evening. At night, as the centre of the storm passed the longitude of London, the wind rose to a hard gale from the east, and subsequently backed to north-east. On Friday (19th inst.) the disturbances had passed away over Germany, and the barometer in London was rising very quickly, while the weather improved decidedly and the wind lulled. The barometric rise continued until Sunday (21st inst.), by which time an area of high pressure has been formed over the kingdom, giving us fine quiet weather, and (as is usual with such systems at this period of the year) a good deal of fog. On Sunday (21st inst.) the mercury began to fall rather briskly, the change proceeding from our Western coasts, and since then the weather has gradually been getting more and more unsettled, although up to the present time very little rain has fallen. Southerly and south-westerly are now the prevailing winds, and their advent has naturally caused a considerable rise in temperature, the maximum on Wednesday (24th inst.) being 16° higher than that on Monday (22nd inst.), 14° higher than on Sunday (21st inst.), and 13° higher than on Saturday (20th inst.). Some sharp night frosts have occurred, the lowest minima being those of Thursday (18th inst.) and Monday (22nd inst.), on each of which occasions the thermometer went to 7° below freezing. Depressions are now passing in a north-easterly direction outside our western and northern coasts, and mild, damp weather seems likely to continue for a few days. The barometer was highest (30·45 inches) on Sunday (21st inst.); lowest (28·75 inches) on Thursday (18th inst.); range, 1·70 inches. Temperature was highest (53°) on Wednesday (24th inst.); lowest (25°) on Thursday (18th inst.) and Monday (22nd inst.); range, 28°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount, 0·65 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0·39 inches, on Thursday (18th inst.).





AFAIRS IN THE EAST.—At last the Dulcigno difficulty is practically settled. Dervish Pasha, having failed to induce the Albanians to deliver up Dulcigno by force of argument, assumed the offensive on Monday, and on Tuesday succeeded in effecting an entrance into the town. For some days previously he had been gradually occupying the surrounding territory, and had withdrawn the Turkish troops who were remaining in the town, this last step being taken as the Albanians had threatened to massacre them if a forcible occupation were attempted. On Monday, however, as Dervish Pasha was continuing his advance, his vanguard was met at Sas, a small lake on the south bank of the Bojana River, by an Albanian force, which at once opened fire. This appears to have been returned, and a heavy musketry and artillery fire is stated to have been kept up throughout the day, and the loss in killed or wounded is reported to have been heavy. The Albanians were ultimately defeated and retreated to the Mazura heights, and early next morning Dervish Pasha entered Dulcigno. Resistance on the part of the Albanians had been fully expected, and before leaving Scutari Dervish Pasha had taken the precaution to destroy the bridge over the Bojana, to prevent any attempt being made to attack him in the rear or reinforcements sent to the Albanians at Dulcigno. Another report, however, states that after Dervish Pasha had left, a tumult broke out in Scutari, and that the bridge was broken by the rioters. When Dervish Pasha had obtained possession of the town he at once informed the Montenegrin Commander, Bojo Petrovics, that the Turkish delegate, Bedri Bey, would go to Konja on Wednesday, to arrange for the final session, and in response to this M. Metanovic was at once appointed Commissioner, and despatched to Antivari. It is expected that in about a week Prince Nicola will at length definitely take possession of his "promised land."

FRANCE.—Both Chambers have been busy this week. In the Senate a Bill for the Higher Elementary Education of Girls has been voted, while in the Lower House the Government has carried the much-talked-of Magistracy Bill by 275 votes to 126. The chief point of this measure is the suspension of the irremovability of magistrates for a year—thus placing the judges at the mercy of the Cabinet for that time, so that a complete reorganisation of the Bench is to be expected. The Radicals wanted to abolish the system of irremovability altogether, and to have the magistrates elected by universal suffrage, and, joined by the Bonapartists, who were glad of any opportunity to defeat the Cabinet, very nearly carried the latter proposal. Tuesday was given up to a debate upon General Cissey and the newspaper charges against him, the Initiative Committee having reported in favour of a Court of Inquiry being constituted to investigate the truth of the accusations. The Minister of War made a very plain and straightforward speech, declaring that he had himself investigated the facts, and had found nothing which would justify the Government in taking the initiative in the matter; but the Chamber evidently thought that in mere justice to General Cissey himself an inquiry should be held after such gross charges had been publicly levelled at an ex-Minister of War, and accordingly voted that an Investigation Committee should be formed. The sittings this week have been remarkably "decent and in order," and the only other Parliamentary news of outside interest is the acceptance by the Initiative Parliamentary Committee of the proposal to return to the old system of election by *scrutin de liste* (by which the Deputies for a Department are elected by the voters of the Department *en masse*). The Committee first decided to recommend the rejection of the proposal, but subsequently reversed their decision. As this is M. Gambetta's pet measure, and, moreover, one by means of which he greatly reckons upon obtaining success in the forthcoming elections, the matter will be warmly debated by the Chamber, and in all probability he himself will come out of his presidential Chair in order to support it in the tribune.

PARIS has had her share of the sharp "snap" of cold which during the early part of this week threatened us with an abnormally early winter, and has also been startled by the sight of an eviction on what even in Ireland would be called a large scale. Fifty families were suddenly turned out of their homes in the Cité Puebla by the landlord, and had to spend two of the bitterest nights in the streets. The police, it is said, have won golden opinions by their efforts to mitigate the sufferings of the poor people. This has formed a fine case for tirades from the Radicals, who have been holding their usual meetings. At one of these Mlle. Louise Michel made her reappearance, being enthusiastically received, and listened to with rapt attention. "She had the air of a Pythoness," the *Daily News* tells us, "and affected her hearers as though she were inspired." That veteran, M. Blanqui, has also reappeared as an editor, having started a new journal, entitled *Ni Dieu, ni Maître*. There has been only one theatrical novelty, a dramatic version of Jules Verne's "Michael Strogoff," by the indefatigable M. d'Ennery, at the Châtelet. In this piece the marvellous adventures of the Czar's courier are depicted with all the gorgeous scenery and ingenious machinery for which that theatre has now become proverbial. There has been an Offenbach festival at the Variétés, at which Madame Schneider, M. Dupuis, Mlle. Zulma Bouffar, and many other chief interpreters of his works executed different *morceaux* to an overflowing house.

The Archbishop of Paris has replied to the English Church Union's letter of sympathy in the warmest terms. While noting that it emanates from a Communion "differing on several points from the Catholic Church," he adds, "these divergences will disappear in time, and I invoke with all my heart the moment when there shall be but one shepherd and one flock. Meanwhile, let us all defend with equal zeal the liberty of religion, which is the first and most valuable of all liberties." The French Government has been showing its regard for the "liberty of religion" by expelling from Boulogne Miss Smith, the young English lady who was recently fined for "insulting the police" during the expulsion of a religious Order from that town.

GERMANY.—The *Judenhetze*, or anti-Jewish agitation, has been fanned almost to fever heat by the debate in the Prussian Diet on Saturday and Monday. Bitter as the discussion was it brought about no vote of any kind, having arisen simply upon an interpellation, but it has left a very distinct impression that the Government in its "heart of hearts" is by no means displeased at the movement, for, be the causes what they may, the Jews in Germany are certainly growing to be great and powerful factors in the Empire. The interpellation in question was brought forward by Dr. Hänel, an Advanced Liberal, who asked the Government what answer it intended to give to the Anti-Semitic petition which is being signed throughout the country. The speaker made an eloquent defence of the recognition of Roumanian independence was the enfranchisement of the Jews, and stigmatised the agitation as inimical to German civilisation and national honour. Count Stolberg at once replied that the petition had not been presented, but that the Government had no hesitation in affirming even now that they did not contemplate any change in the law affecting the rights of the Jews. This petition, we should state, is being circulated by the "Anti-Semitic League," and urges the Cabinet to limit the immigration of foreign Jews, to exclude Jews from all offices of

authority, to prevent them becoming teachers in Christian schools, and to institute a Jewish census. The Minister was followed by an Ultramontane, who warmly attacked the Jews, declaring that "among the people there was a general feeling that national and social interests were at stake, and that the Jews contributed the main contingent to the non-productive speculative part of society," and accused them of returning evil for good, the Catholics who helped them to obtain emancipation now being the object of bitter persecution on the part of the Hebrew press. A Conservative then spoke in the name of his party, bore witness to the extent of the movement, and declared that the Press under their control did not show that respect for the institutions of the State which they had a right to demand. Professor Virchow then proceeded to champion the Jews, and after noting that the Government did not appear to be animated with a liberal spirit towards the race, quoted statistics to show that there was no cause for alarm, and declared that the agitation was due to envy at their possessing money, and knowing how to get it. After Herr Bachem had vigorously denounced the Jews as exploiting the Christian "in an immoral and contemptible way," and Herr Richter had as energetically denied these charges, and declared there were more Christian than Israelite usurers, Herr Stoeckel, the Court Chaplain, and the chief leader of the agitation, made a violent attack on the Jewish community, and, vindicating the circulation of the Anti-Semitic petition, argued that the Israelite Alliance was not a mere benevolent society, but a powerful political combination—"it was a peril to all countries, and had to be wrestled with." He had been led to take part in the movement by the attack of the Jewish Press on Christian institutions, synods, and missionary efforts. It was not the actual property possessed by the Jews, but the manner in which they have acquired it, which has excited such irritation. He concluded by saying "that at a recent post-mortem examination there were present the district physician, the lawyer, the surgeon, and a fourth official, all Jews, and none but the corpse was German. Behold a picture of the present!"

RUSSIA.—The Czar is still at Livadia, but intends to return to St. Petersburg within the next few days. The most elaborate precautions against any attempt on the Imperial train are being taken, and Count Melikoff is coming to Livadia on purpose to travel with the Czar and share his risk. The Czarvitch is taking a far more prominent part in the Government than heretofore, and the rumours of abdication are not unlikely to prove true after all. In the mean time the Nihilists continue to threaten the Czar with death, and a new revolutionary proclamation has been issued commenting upon the execution of the criminals at St. Petersburg.

The financial aspect of the country is exciting considerable apprehension, the harvest has been wretched, while the sources of revenue have been largely diminished by American competition in tallow, corn, and manufactured goods. Hopes of better things, however, have been once more raised by the appointment of the well-known financier, M. Bunge, as Vice-Minister of Finance.

ITALY.—The appointment of Cardinal Jacobini as Pontifical Secretary of State is thought to foreshadow a more conciliatory policy on the part of the Vatican towards the European Powers, and it is significant to note that the Pope's private organ, the *Aurora*, in referring to a recent article in *The Times*, denies the supposition that the Pope will not carry out high and conciliatory intentions for fear of offending the Irish Bishops. The article acknowledges that every Government has a right to demand from Bishops and Catholics that "in pointing out burdens and in asking reparation for wrong, they should not pass the limits of respect due to the authorities, and that they should hold themselves with holy disclaim aloof from those means which in the complex are called revolutionary." The idea that the Irish Episcopate would countenance violent means is declared to be false, while it is acknowledged that the English, "a right-minded people," would never consent to give redress sought to be forced from them by violence and criminal means. "The Irish Episcopate and the Pope will be in accord in maintaining the principles of the Church, and in striving ever to be an element of order, of temperance, and of civilisation, even amid the raging of ardent passions." The writer concludes by giving the text of the Pope's recent address to the Irish prelates, in which it is now stated, that he exhorted them to "separate from you those who are terrorising, and raising the homicidal knife against their fellows."

Mount Vesuvius has been erupting somewhat vigorously of late, and on Saturday night crowds thronged from Naples to watch a new stream of lava which was wending its way towards the railway. Part of the road above the station was invaded, but the main stream fortunately rolled down parallel to the line.—A grand funeral ceremony in honour of the late Baron Ricasoli was performed with great pomp at Santa Croce, Florence, on Monday.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—There is no fresh news from Afghanistan. Candahar is quiet; and at Cabul all appears to be tranquil. Ayoub is still at Herat, and has appointed Governors to all his districts—a step which he was unable to take before, owing to pressure put upon him by the Cabuli troops. A great deal of uneasiness exists in India respecting his ultimate intentions. The Viceroy has been continuing his tour, and has held a grand Durbar at Jacobabad, where he invested the Khan of Khelat and the Nawab of Bahawalpur with the Grand Cross of the Star of India. The accounts from North-Western India show that rain is still wanted in many districts, but that as yet there is little or no distress, except at Cawnpore and Rao Bareilly. Everything depends upon the Christmas rains, which, however, according to previous experiences, are thoroughly untrustworthy.

UNITED STATES.—The winter has suddenly set in with great severity in the United States and Canada, the temperature in many places has fallen below zero, and several persons have been frozen to death. Numerous vessels have been frozen in the lakes and canals, and eight hundred corn barges are fast in the Erie Canal alone. The sugar and cotton crops in the Gulf States have also been imperilled.

The annual report of the Secretary of War urges Congress to maintain the strength of the army at 30,000 men, and recommends the assimilation of the militia to the regular army, and the repair and the improvement of the fortifications and defences, especially on the sea coast, which are described as discreditable to the country, as they are unable to resist the ironclad fleets of the present day.

SOUTH AFRICA.—There has been some sharp fighting in Basutoland, and Colonel Carrington has had a severe engagement with the rebels while patrolling from Mafeteng. The Basutos were 5,000 strong, and charged with great persistency, being only driven away by artillery fire. Major Bell is at Leribe, where his position is seriously threatened; while Colonel Bayley is scarcely less secure at Maseru. The Tembus also have assumed the offensive, but Gangelizwe and his tribe of Tambookies are still loyal. The chief has placed himself, however, under the protection of the English magistrate, and this does not look as though he felt over sure of his followers. The situation is felt to be highly critical, and General Clarke is organising additional forces, and marching to the front. The Colonial force is now being raised to 12,000 men.

MISCELLANEOUS.—From PERSIA we hear that Obeidullah, largely reinforced, returned on the 13th, and attacked Urmiah, again, however, unsuccessfully. The Persians are now destroying Kurdish villages in revenge for the outrages committed by Obeidullah.—There have been several more shocks at Agram, HUNGARY, but on Tuesday the alarm again somewhat subsided, and the streets were once more lit with gas.—In AUSTRALIA the Queensland Parliament has been prorogued. The Government, which is now stronger than at the commencement of the Session, succeeded in passing the Bill for the Trans-Continental Railway, the Pacific Islanders' Labour Bill, and other Ministerial measures.



THE QUEEN and Princess Beatrice have returned to the south for the winter. Before leaving Balmoral, Her Majesty on Saturday held a Council, at which Lord Young, Mr. J. G. Dodson, and Sir H. Ponsonby were present, and Parliament was prorogued to December 2nd. Subsequently the Queen went out sleighing, and called on Mrs. Campbell at the Manse. Next day Her Majesty and the Princess were present at Divine Service at Balmoral, when the Rev. A. Campbell officiated, and in the evening dined with the Queen, while on Monday Princess Beatrice called at the Manse. On Tuesday afternoon Her Majesty and the Princess drove to Ballater, where they took special train, and, after stopping at Perth for dinner, and at Carlisle to take tea, arrived at Windsor in time for breakfast on Wednesday morning. The Queen will remain at Windsor until after the 14th prox., and will then go to Osborne.

The Prince of Wales returned to Sandringham at the end of last week from visiting Mr. E. Birkbeck at Horstead, and was joined by the Duke of Edinburgh. Lord and Lady Granville, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and other guests, arrived on a visit on Saturday, and next morning the Prince and Princess, with their children and visitors, attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's. It had been arranged for the Prince and Princess to spend this week with Lord and Lady Aveland, at Normanton, but the visit was postponed, owing to a death in the family, and the Prince and Princess went instead to Melton Constable, to stay with Lord and Lady Hastings.—Yesterday (Friday), was the eleventh birthday of Princess Maud, youngest child of the Prince and Princess.—Princes Albert Victor and George, in the *Bacchante*, left St. Vincent on Saturday for Monte Video, with the rest of the Detached Squadron.

The Duke of Edinburgh inspected the Yarmouth coast-guard on Tuesday, and afterwards went to Didlington Hall, Norfolk, on a shooting visit to Mr. Tyssen-Amherst.—Princess Christian has become President of the Ladies' Committee, formed by the Society of Arts, for the purpose of holding a Domestic Economy Congress in London next season.—The fortieth birthday of the Crown Princess of Germany was commemorated at Windsor on Sunday by the usual bell-ringing, the Royal salutes being deferred till next day. The Princess herself spent the day with the Prince and family at Wiesbaden, where she was joined by her eldest son, Prince William, on the conclusion of his visit to England.



THE BISHOP OF CHESTER commenced his Diocesan Visitation Charge in the Cathedral on Monday last. After expressing his regret at the necessity for parting from the clergy and laity of the new Diocese of Liverpool, and dealing with a variety of local statistics, he said that he wished to see baptisms celebrated during Divine Service; and the illegal custom of taking fees under the plea of registration entirely abolished. Speaking of the Holy Communion, he dwelt on the importance of saying the words of administration to each communicant singly, and recommended public catechising, and a better use of Sunday Schools as nurseries to the Church. Referring to the Ritual crisis, he expressed a hope that rival associations might not tear the Church to pieces, and that in these dangerous days they might all try to lead holier and more devoted lives.

A DIOCESAN PARLIAMENT.—The Bishop of Rochester has addressed a circular to the clergy and churchwardens in his diocese, approving a scheme for a Conference of Clergy and Laity, to be held at the cathedral city, for the purpose of discussing important questions affecting the welfare of the Church of England. The Conference will consist of 300 members, the proportion of clergy to the laity being two to three. Notices have been placed on every church door in the diocese to convene meetings for the election of parish representatives, from whom will be selected the members of the Conference, who will hold their first sitting in June next.

JESUITS IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Gladstone, when recently asked his opinion as to the legality of Jesuit establishments in England, referred his correspondent to the Act of Parliament. The *Law Journal* points out that the Catholic Emancipation Act imposes restrictions on Jesuits and members of other religious Orders, communities, or societies of the Church of Rome, declaring it to be a misdemeanour punishable with banishment for life for any such to come into the realm without a licence, or for any persons to be admitted to membership within the kingdom. If, although banished, they refuse to leave the country, the Sovereign in Council may order their removal, and if at the end of three months they are again found in the country, they may be convicted a second time, and transported. Penal servitude is now substituted for transportation, but, adds the *Law Journal*, the process of conviction twice over before any coercive measure can be taken is so clumsy, and the severity of penal servitude for life so far overleaps the object, that Jesuits and members of other Orders in England have reason to consider themselves tolerably safe.

RECALCITRANT RITUALISTS.—Mr. Dale is still in Holloway Gaol, and by the time these lines are in print, the Rev. R. W. Enraght, of Bordesley, Birmingham, and the Rev. S. F. Green, of Miles Platting, Manchester, will in all likelihood be in prison also, significant having been issued against both of them by Lord Penzance on Saturday last. On Sunday last Mr. Enraght took no part in the service at his church, but he preached the sermon, in the course of which he said that if the Judicial Committee had tried in any shape or form to administer not merely in the name of the Crown of England, but in some sense in the name of God, Churchmen would have submitted; but it had not been so, and they were now determined to hear its tyranny in ecclesiastical and religious matters no longer. On the same day Mr. Green officiated as usual at St. John's, Miles Platting, and also preached, but made no allusion to his sentence in his sermon. On Monday, however, he spoke at a large meeting of his congregation, in response to a resolution of sympathy. He said that it was all nonsense to talk of a law-abiding people, if by that was meant that they were to do just what they were told, whether good or bad; and it was clear that the Church must be on its decline if the people were going to sit quietly and see the judges not administer the laws, but twist and pervert them into a form which they themselves thought the laws ought to take, and then punish with ruin of all temporal prospects with fines and imprisonments, the men who kept the law as it stood. On the other hand, the Bishop of Manchester, in his sermon at St. Martin's Church, Manchester, referred to the prosecutions, and said that Mr. Green was behaving foolishly, and not in the interests of the Church or of religion. The matters in dispute were not of the essence of Christianity, and it might become necessary to get rid of the Ornaments' Rubrics. He wished that those who could not minister faithfully and loyally in the Church would see whether they could not find some other place more congenial to them. Much

controversial writing on the subject has appeared during the week, but we have no space to reproduce even the remarks of Dr. Pusey and Mr. Bright.



HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—There is little to chronicle about the doings at this theatre since our last. In consequence of the rehearsals for Signor Tito's opera, *Maria di Gand*, announced for production on Thursday evening there have been some changes in casts of more than one opera. Madame Zacchi being set down for the heroine in this new work, Madame Colombo undertook the part of Leonora (*Il Trovatore*) in her place and gave general satisfaction; Madame Amadi materially strengthening her position by her assumption of the character of Azucena, to the music of which her voice is thoroughly well suited, and into the dramatic significance of which she as thoroughly enters. Mlle. Rosina Isidor, too, advanced another step in public opinion by her highly intelligent and artistic performance as Marguerite in *Faust*, which was cordially appreciated by the audience.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—These entertainments are following the routine which was the original cause of their existence, and Mr. Chappell has laid open a mine comparatively inexhaustible, which merits exploration to the depths. At the afternoon concert on Saturday we had, among other choice pieces, Mozart's C major quintet, for stringed instruments, admirably rendered by MM. Straus, Ries, Zerlini, Burnett, and Piatti. The pianist was Mlle. Janotha. This clever young artist gave five numbers from the *Kreiseriana*, as eccentric and dry as Hoffmann's Kapellmeister from whom they derive their title, and also took part with Herr Straus and Signor Piatti in Rubinstein's not over-interesting B flat trio—in both instances playing her very best. The vocalist was Mr. Edward Lloyd, who, besides a graceful song by Frederic Clay, gave the beautiful air, "Come, Margaret, come," from Arthur Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch*, in which he obtained but recently so marked a success at the Leeds Festival, where that "sacred drama" was produced. On Monday night the Serenade in C minor, for oboes, clarinets, horns, and bassoons (Mozart's second work for the same combination of instruments, subsequently arranged by himself as a string quintet), was given with all possible effect by MM. Dubrucq, Horton, Lazarus, Egerton, Mann, Standen, Wotton, and Haveron. The chief attraction at this concert, however, was the *début* of Master Eugène D'Albert, pianist (son of Mr. D'Albert, the popular composer of dance music)—a youth of extraordinary talent and still greater promise. Master D'Albert aimed at once at the highest honours, and legitimately obtained them by his in every respect remarkable execution of Schumann's elaborate and difficult *Etudes Symphoniques*, dedicated to Sterndale Bennett. Master D'Albert has not only extraordinary mechanical facility, but a spirit and intelligence far beyond the common. Every one of the twelve variations was played with surprising ease and unerring accuracy; and there was a coherence about the entire performance which showed how entirely the young artist had comprehended and mastered his subject. He afterwards played one of the most trying, if not most engaging, "Studies" of Chopin (A minor). Later in the evening he joined Sig. Piatti in Beethoven's sonata (A major) for pianoforte and violoncello, the performance on both hands being as neatly as possible faultless. He is a student of the National Training School, South Kensington, his master in composition being Dr. Arthur Sullivan, and his pianoforte professor Herr Ernest Pauer.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—These entertainments were recommenced on Wednesday evening, and, judging from the crowded state of St. James's Hall, are as much sought after as ever. In a very pretty new song by Theo Marzials, entitled "A Summer Shower," Miss Mary Davies earned a well-deserved encore; and the same honour was accorded to "Face it!" a new song by Blumenthal, spiritedly delivered by Mr. Santley. "The Baby and the Fly," a very merry and taking ditty, by Molloy, sung by Madame Antoinette Steiling was also encored. Miss Clara Samuelli, a *débutante*, we believe at these concerts, has a very sweet voice. Nor should we forget the valuable aid rendered by Signor Foli, Mr. Joseph Maas, and, last but assuredly not least, the South London Choral Association.

THE "FAUST" OF BERLIOZ.—Few will have forgotten the two performances, in St. James's Hall, early during the season, of the *Damnation de Faust*, by Mr. Charles Hallé's Manchester band and chorus, under Mr. Hallé's own direction. The success was so decided that a repetition of the work, sooner or later, was looked forward to as a matter of course. This time, however, Mr. Hallé comes without the chorus he has trained so diligently. The more to his credit that in such circumstances he should, with only a single rehearsal, have succeeded in obtaining so admirable a performance. Mr. Hallé is a conductor *grand mème*—"to the manner born." The leading singers, with one exception, were the same as six months ago, the exception being Mr. Santley.

WAIFS.—The performance of Mr. F. H. Cowen's second Saturday Orchestral Concert, at St. James's Hall, this evening, contains from his own pen, six short pieces for orchestra, bearing the title of *The Language of the Flowers*.—Mr. Mapleson's new venture with Italian Opera at the Academy of Music, New York, which began brilliantly, and then languished, is now giving promise of a successful season, notwithstanding the formidable concurrence of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt at Booth's Theatre.—M. Rémusat, a musician of great ability, many years ago leading flautist at our Royal Italian Opera, died on the 1st of September, at Shanghai, where, since 1865, he had established himself as the musical authority of the town.—Madame Annette Essipoff, the eminent Russian pianist, has been playing with distinguished success at the Singacademie, Berlin.—Anton Rubinstein has composed a new orchestral symphony, which he has entitled "Russia."—Mlle. Janotha gave a pianoforte recital, in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday. Her programme included the so-called "Pastoral Sonata" and Variations in C major of Beethoven, together with selections from J. S. Bach and Chopin.



THE TURF.—The Derby Autumn Meeting, which followed after that of Shrewsbury, met with a fair share of success, the fields in several instances being very large, though this is a common feature of the "back-end" of the season, when owners are specially anxious to win some "hay and corn" money for the winter. Little Duck, who is one of those useful platers which so often crop up about this time, and win race after race, won the Litchurch Selling Plate for Mr. Hlibert, who also scored the Beaudesert Welter with Forager. The Derby Cup was contested by a field of fifteen, but the backers could not find out an animal to make a

hot favourite of it, though Hellespont and Kineton were the most fancied. The winner, however, turned up in old Concord, who has done her owner good service this season. Brown George ran second to him, and proved the truth of the running by winning the Allestree Plate the next day. Forager also confirmed his victory in the Beaudesert Welter by beating fifteen others in the Chatsworth Plate. Those backers who make it one of their principles to follow winners had a rare turn of it this instance as Forager started at the highly remunerative odds of 100 to 6. The Alexandra Park Meeting, which also was held at the end of last week, was productive of unusually good sport, Austin Friar took the Stewards' Welter, and Ceinture Dorée, who knows her way over this course, the Racing Plate. The Totteridge Nursery fell to the speedy Lowland Lad, and the Philomela colt won the Flying Plate. Skillegolee, who could only get second for this, made amends to his backers by winning the Alexandra Cup, though they had to lay odds on him; and Austin Friar scored again in the Great Northern Handicap. Rhyme and Cry—a strangely-named animal, who has been constantly running and winning of late—obtained another bracket in the Fortis Green Plate; but in the Southgate Nursery both Lowland Lad and Ceinture Dorée had to succumb to Lead On. Altogether the meeting was one of the best that has been held at the foot of Muswell Hill.—The frost caused the postponement of the first days both at Warwick and Manchester this week, illustrating the folly of persisting in flat-racing in November. However, matters went merrily enough at both meetings on the Wednesday, specially large fields being the order of the day at Cottonopolis. Sir John Astley, at the latter, took the Flying Welter with Queen of the T.Y.C., who started at the healthy price of 10 to 1 in a field of thirteen. Sabletail beat ten others in the Lancaster Nursery; and Prince Bladud, another 10 to 1 chance, in the Welter Handicap had a baker's dozen behind him. At Warwick, the evergreen Professor won the Hunt Cup Steeplechase easily enough; and Rhyme and Cry and Fly-by-Night brought off 7 to 1 chances in a Two-Year-Old Plate and the Town Plate respectively; while Signorita, who beat a field of twelve in a Juvenile Plate last week at Alexapdra Park, beat eight in the Spa Nursery.

AQUATICS.—Taking all things into consideration, and the great danger of disputes in connection with professional sculling races, the International contests on the Thames last week went off very well, though not to the credit of native talent. It was rather painful to see a Championship match rowed on the Thames without an Englishman being one of the contestants; but it was decidedly humiliating to find that almost all the Englishmen engaged were out of the Hop Bitters Regatta on the first day. Thus Feeley, Largan, Elliott, Tarryer, Anderson, and Clasper were disqualified on the Thursday, Hawdon, of Delaval, and Nicholson, of Stockton-on-Tees, being the only home-raised scullers left in. These on the second day were last in their respective heats, and so had no share in the final heat, which was to decide between the four left in the proportion each was to have of the 1,000l. These four were Wallace Ross, of St. John's, N.B.; Elias Laycock, of Sydney; G. H. Hosmer, of Boston, U.S.; and Warren Smith, of Halifax, Nova Scotia; Trickett, the ex-Champion, having no part in the matter, as he had been beaten by Laycock and Smith in his heat on Friday. Ross was made favourite, but after a good race succumbed to Laycock, who took the first prize (500l.), Ross the second (300l.), Hosmer the third (140l.), and Smith the fourth (60l.). Thus ended the Grand International Regatta, as it has been called; and now we all know what "Hop Bitters" are, viz., a domestic medicine manufactured in America, warranted to cure all the ills the flesh is heir to. The match between Ross and Trickett, down for Monday next, seems likely to come off; and if it does it is not unlikely that the Australian may regain some of his lost laurels, notwithstanding the undoubtedly good form of Ross.

FOOTBALL.—In the Association Challenge Cup the Swifts and Old Foresters have played off their "draw," the former, after a very fast and equal game, defeating the latter by two goals to one.—The Royal Engineers, too, and the Remnants have settled the question which they left open at their last meeting, the result being the victory of the military by one goal to nil.—Another "draw," viz., that between the Grey Friars and Windsor Home Park, has been decided, but to the dissatisfaction of the Windsor team, who lost the game by three goals to one.—And yet two more "undecideds" are among the "decideds," Acton having beaten Kildare, and Maidenhead the Old Harrovians.—At Eton, on Saturday last, the "boys" played a drawn game "at the Wall" with a team of Old Etonians; and on the same day, "in the field," were beaten by another team.—In a Rugby Union match, at Wakefield, Yorkshire has proved too powerful for the Midland Counties.

PEDESTRIANISM.—At Lillie Bridge a very foolish fellow is attempting to walk a mile and a quarter every half hour for a thousand hours, and a number of very foolish people go to see the painful performance. The more painful and sickening it becomes, the more it will probably draw in this age of "sweetness and light."



OUR LAND LAWS form the subject of the latest pamphlet issued by the Cobden Club. The creation of a multitude of peasant proprietors is advocated, and France is made the subject of a lengthy encomium. The question of climate is not dealt with, however, and it may be doubted whether, all political objections at one side, a peasant proprietary could stand the drain on reserve funds which must always be prepared for in a country like England, where home produce may prove gravely deficient for three or four years in succession, and where prices do not attain a compensatory dearthness, but are kept uniformly moderate through foreign competition.

FARMERS' DIFFICULTIES.—In the year ending October 1, 1880, farmers borrowed, says the *Statist*, not less than 567,560l., giving 3,210 bills of sale to obtain that amount. Two thousand bills of sale were for under 50l. In the Home counties considerable distress appears to have prevailed, Sussex farmers obtaining 30,692l. in seventy-three loans, and Kentish farmers 17,532l. in forty-six loans. The recent Bills of Sale Act has proved of great benefit to professional money-lenders. The number of farmers borrowing money is greatly on the increase.

COUNTY AGRICULTURE.—This year's returns show a falling-off of corn cultivation in Bedford, Berkshire, Buckingham, Cambridge, Cornwall, Cumberland, Derby, Suffolk, Surrey, Sussex, Warwick, Wilts, Worcester, York, Devon, Dorset, Essex, Gloucester, Hereford, Hertford, Kent, Leicester, Lincoln, Norfolk, Northampton, Nottingham, and Oxford, and an increased cultivation of corn in Chester, Lancaster, Northumberland, Durham, and in parts of Wales.

THE NORFOLK CATTLE SHOW.—The visit of the Prince of Wales to this Annual Exhibition added considerably to its attractiveness, and gave the Show Association as good a return for the first day as they had in 1879 for the whole three days of the Show. The show of animals included a few good shorthorns, a handsome polled Angus, and some fine cross-bred sheep, but it was not up to expectations; and the entries in several classes were so few as to be equalled—in one or two cases even exceeded—by the number of prizes. Considerable space was given up to furniture, stoves, and

other fancy exhibits, and this, like many other Shows of the present day, has stepped into the place of a fair, which is kept respectable and sufficiently quiet by a charge being made for admission.

THE BIRMINGHAM CATTLE SHOW is an interesting exhibition. The display in Bingley Hall includes a rather small but good selection of cattle, a moderate show of sheep, and an increased number of pigs from the exhibition of last year. Of poultry and of pigeons there are over three thousand pens. The show of implements is a really important one, while that of roots is the largest ever known in Birmingham.

HORSE BREEDING.—Horses being cheap at the present time we would recommend to farmers the expediency of procuring good stallions and good sound mares. The difference in the value of the foals almost invariably covers extra outlay in the very first year. When a fee is paid to other stallion owners, parsimony is a great mistake, for the way in which defects, and even disease, are spread through saving the fee of really good sires is a disgrace to ordinary English horse breeding.

HOPS.—Three years' returns shows a falling off in the growth of hops in Kent, Hampshire, Hereford, Sussex, and Surrey. In Worcester hop cultivation has increased. In all England 66,703 acres were under hops in 1880, and 67,671 acres in 1879. The total diminution, therefore, is not serious, though the proportion of five counties against one seems to indicate rather clearly the prevailing tendency of the time.

ANGLING IN IRELAND.—The *Saturday Review* has told us "how not to discourage friends." We should be glad to know how a general state of lawlessness can be kept from re-acting upon purely non-political non-agrarian affairs. The Cork Angling Club has ceased to exist, people being in no mood for sport, and with no money to spend thereon. Fish poaching is rife throughout the South-West of Ireland, and no attempts are made to check it. Watchers, indeed, who have been kept for years, are now being discharged, and the state of the country is forbidding the simplest country pleasures.

RENTS AND PRICES IN IRELAND.—The following Parliamentary Return of the prices of agricultural produce at and since the time of Griffith's valuation may repay perusal. Produce per cwt. at the present time: Wheat, 10s.; oats, 7s. 8d.; barley, 8s. 4d.; butter, 12s. 4d.; beef, 70s.; mutton, 74s. 8d.; pork, 51s. 4d. At the time of Griffith's valuation: Wheat, 10s.; oats, 6s.; barley, 7s.; butter, 69s.; beef, 33s.; mutton, 34s. 6d.; pork, 25s. 6d.

THE WINTER SPORT IN IRELAND is likely to be spoilt through an act of dastardly blackguardism, surprising even to those who know Ireland well. The Land Leaguers are putting down poison for the packs of hounds in the hunting countries, and many farmers are prepared to kill any sporting dogs they come across.

SCOTLAND.—This year's take of herrings round the Scotch coasts has been very large, and is estimated at 800,000,000 fish, in rather over a million crans. Scotch farmers have purchased large quantities for manure. The winter began early in Scotland, and renewed falls of snow have occurred in nearly all parts. Farmers have been busy looking to their stock and preparing for a hard season.

PROTECTION FROM FROST.—The placing of a paper cone, a dozen of which can be made out of a *Times* supplement, will often be sufficient protection to plants which, although indoors, are at the windows, and liable to be frost-bitten. The power which paper has of stopping heat or of non-conducting is much more considerable than the majority of persons suppose, and its extreme cheapness should make it a great aid to the multitude of persons who are not able to keep greenhouses, but yet are fond of flowers. It may also be remarked that saucers of water stood among flowers in winter are a protection, as not till all the water has frozen will the flowers or plants be attacked. Slight frosts, just enough to cover sheets of water in parks, seldom affect the plants near the water.

LAND ASSESSMENT IN KENT.—At a recent meeting at Maidstone, Mr. Norton, of Valding, in the chair, reference was made to the great extent to which hop land had fallen in value owing to bad seasons, and it was stated that in other counties a reduction of 15 per cent. had been made in the assessment of land. Resolutions recommending that a percentage reduction in the value of farm lands should be made as a temporary relief in consequence of the depressed state of agriculture, and praying the Government to deal promptly with the valuation question, were passed.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—Swallows this year lingered for St. Martin's summer, and in three distinct cases were observed at an even later date.—A green cormorant and a gray phalarope have been taken in the Isle of Wight.—The number of woodcock arriving in the West of England has been smaller than usual.

In Memoriam

SIR A. J. E. COCKBURN, BART.,
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND,
Obiit Nov. 20, 1880.

BUT yesterday we mourned the judge who went
Within Death's gates in vigour of his years,*
To-day the hand of Death once more appears
And beckons to the old man eloquent.
The life in justice and in honour spent
Needs not the votive gift of empty tears,
But silently unto itself uprears
In hearts of men a lasting monument.
Too soon Fate claims her debt, and Themis sees;
Her noblest servants perish by the way,
And hand her sceptre to a younger race.
They die, but they have left us memories
Of truth and honour; those who best obey
Their bright example best may fill their place.

J. W.

* The late Lord Justice Thesiger.



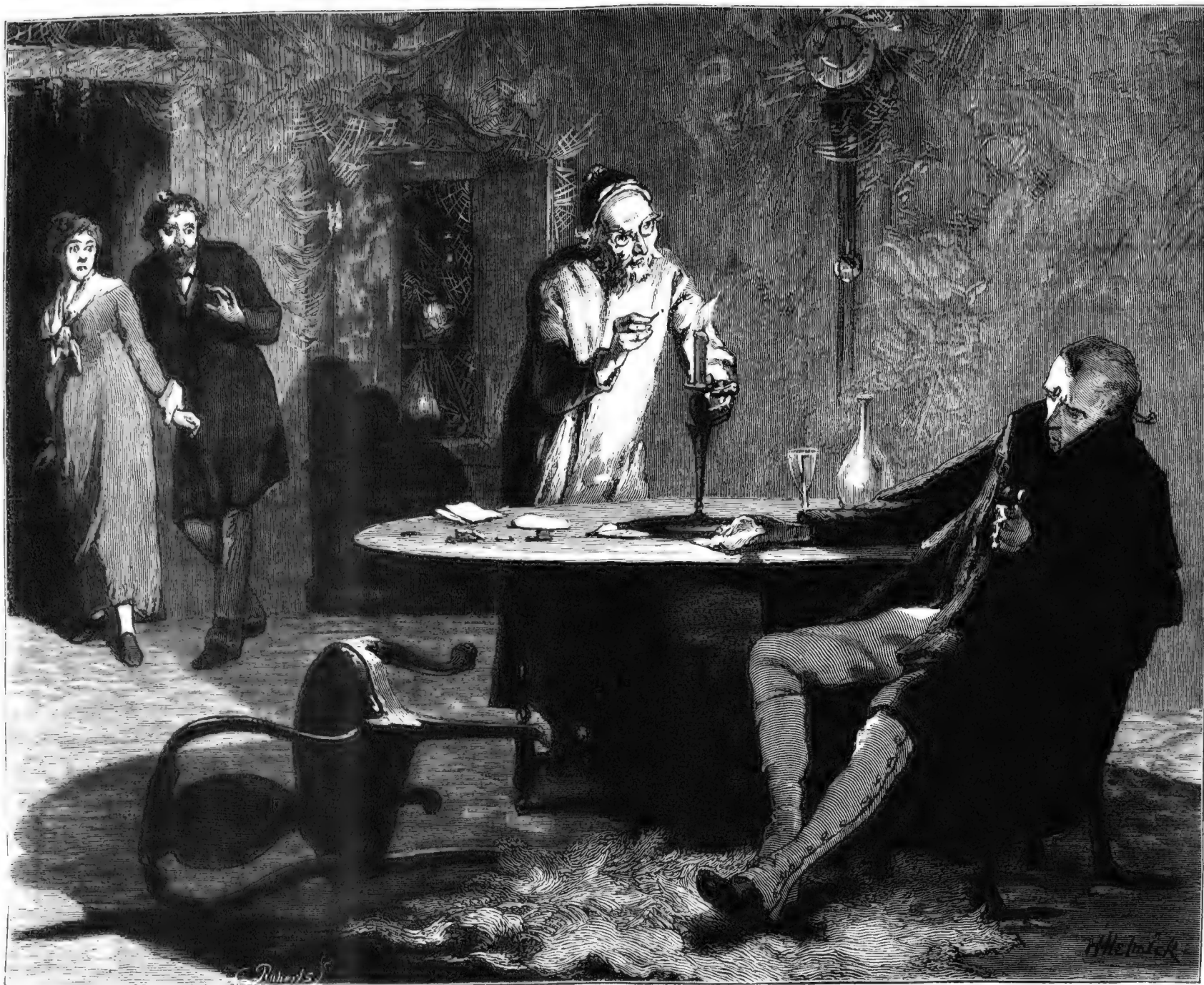
SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN, the Lord Chief Justice of England, died suddenly on Saturday night. He was seventy-eight years of age, and had for some time been suffering from *angina pectoris*, but attended to his judicial duties, and on the day of his death had presided in the Court for the consideration of Crown Cases Reserved. The late Lord Chief Justice was educated at Cambridge, called to the Bar in 1829, became M.P. for Southampton in 1847, was appointed Solicitor General (and knighted) in 1850, and succeeded his uncle in the Baronetcy of Langton, Berwickshire, in 1858. He was Attorney-General in the Administrations of Lord John Russell, Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Palmerston, was appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in 1856; and in 1859, on the elevation of Lord Campbell to the Chancellorship, he was raised to the office of Lord Chief Justice of England. While at the Bar he was engaged in many celebrated cases, notably the libel action, *Achilli v. Newman*, and the trial of M'Naughton, who shot Mr. Drummond, Sir Robert Peel's Secretary, in both of which he appeared for the defence; and the *Rugeley* (Continued on page 550)



THE LAND AGITATION IN IRELAND—THE ORANGE LABOURERS AT DINNER ON CAPTAIN. BOYCOTT'S FARM, LOUGH MASK



THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION—THE CANTATA AT THE OPENING CEREMONY



Herr Zschokke struck a match, and applied it to a candle in a handsome silver candlestick.

A DOOR WITH TWO LOCKS

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

VII.

"CONSTANCE went on to tell me that, after repeated failures to attain his end, a change came over Fellowes. While he had been wholly absorbed in the pursuit, he had had little communication with her other than such as related to the business in hand. But now that he was disappointed and thrown back upon himself, the uglier side of his disposition began to manifest itself. He seemed to hold Constance responsible for the miscarriage of his plans, and visited his resentment chiefly upon her. Their money was nearly all gone, and the prospect before them was certainly not encouraging from any point of view. To make matters worse, Fellowes betrayed a strong tendency to seek relief from his troubles in brandy. He was intoxicated every evening, and when in that condition his behaviour was such as it would not be pleasant to dwell upon. He threatened to make use of her power of second-sight as a means of perpetrating some robbery. This purpose, however, on the one occasion when he attempted to carry it into execution, was frustrated in a strange manner. Constance, who had been previously aware of what he wished to do, and had, when alone one day, passionately prayed to God that it might not be permitted, found, when he undertook to throw her into a trance as usual, that she was able so far to resist his influence that her unconsciousness was only partial, and insufficient for the end in view. Then followed a terrible struggle and scene between them. Fellowes went so far as to threaten her with death, and actually had recourse to some physical violence; but Constance held out against him, feeling, probably, that there are things worse than death; moreover, her unexpected success in resisting him at all inspired her with courage to resist him still further. It was to her advantage, too, that Fellowes could not be sure (nor could she either for that matter) whether his failure to influence her as heretofore was due to some increased power of opposition in her, or to a decay in the efficiency of his own will; or, whether, again, it might be owing simply to a natural diminution of his superior weight in the scale of their mutual relations. The dread lest the fault might be in himself prevented him from proceeding to extremities with her; for he reasoned that if she were inactive in the matter, then to wreak his vengeance upon her would be to lay the stick across his own shoulders; since she would be available again as soon as he had recovered his wonted potency.

"As it turned out, he never entirely regained his old ascendancy; and month by month and week by week it seemed to wane. Constance noticed, furthermore, that his devotion to brandy bore a direct relation to his inability to subdue her; and it shows a truly divine element in her character that she endeavoured, nevertheless, to restrain him from the indulgence. But her efforts were vain, and

he gradually went from bad to worse, until at length the only result that could be looked for, occurred: he had a severe attack of *delirium tremens*. It was a hideous experience for Constance—but from the date of that attack her double life ceased: Fellowes was able to put her into the trance no more.

"And when she saw him shorn of the strength which had made her hate him, her heart began to turn to him with a woman's perverse compassion. She tended him as carefully as if he had been worthy of her care, and exerted herself in all such ways as were open to her to support him. Work was hard to get, however, and they were reduced to pitiful straits. He frequently urged her to write to me and solicit my help; but this she steadily refused to do. At last Fellowes, in an interval of partial recovery from his prostration, succeeded in committing some act which rendered their longer stay in England unsafe: they had not the means to return to America; and thus it happened that they came to Hamburg.

"While staying in this city, Constance learnt that I was the American Consul there; but she was careful to keep this knowledge from her husband, being herself as yet unwilling to appeal to me. A few days before the present time, however, Fellowes had discovered the fact, and had at once assured her that, unless she betook herself to the Consulate forthwith, he would go there himself, and, as he expressed it, 'soon bring the fool to terms.'

"For a time she had succeeded in putting him off with promises; but yesterday matters had come to a crisis, and she had felt that she would be obliged to yield, when an event happened which rendered yielding no longer difficult.

"What is that?" I asked her.

"It is a sad thing to be glad about," she answered; "but I have learnt how to be glad for things that would make others sorry. My mother is dead!"

"I have known that for some time."

"We heard of it only last evening. In an old English newspaper that had been wrapped round something we brought from England, I found an advertisement stating that she was dead, and requesting me to communicate with the executors. I know mamma meant to leave me something, and I suppose from this that she has done so."

"I am able to tell you that she has left you all her possessions," I said. "I wrote to the executors myself when I saw her death announced. Mr. Dyke has the money in keeping for you. It will take five or six weeks to send to him and get his answer; and meanwhile you will be cared for, Constance. Oh, Constance, all this has been very strange! I am sorry you could not come to me before."

"I could not know how you have been thinking of me," said she, looking down at her folded hands; "and you had a right to be

angry. You must have thought me very wrong when—at the time Arthur came to Northmere; but I could not help myself. My mother had a control over me something like his, though not so complete. Well, I have been punished."

"What do you intend to do now?"

"I shall take care of my husband. He is very ill—more so, I think, than he imagines. If he has another fit of that delirium, I fear he might not live. He is not so bad a man as you might think, from what you know of him. I know all about him from the beginning, and there is a great deal that excuses him. He was cruelly wronged before he ever thought of wronging others. I should be lonely without him, and I like to take care of him. I hope, now that we shall have a little money, that we may be more happy than we have been."

"He keeps to brandy still?"

"He has to have a little; sometimes he gets too much, but only when I am not by to prevent him. He obeys me, now!" she said, with a sad smile. "But when he has had too much, he is sometimes very violent—poor Arthur! He is sorry afterwards, and promises . . . but he cannot keep his promises."

"You must let me come over and call upon him and you this evening. By the way, where are you staying?"

"At a very poor place, indeed; it is a pity you should come to us there; it is not such a place as you could ever have seen. I think it would be better to wait until we can get to some better place."

"But I would not allow this; and at last she said, 'Well then, it is an old tumbledown house in the Kugelstrasse; it has been used as a kind of lodging-house, but no one except ourselves is there now, because it is believed to be haunted. I do not mind it at all, but it makes poor Arthur very nervous. The landlord is a very strange old man, and Arthur thinks he has murdered some one in that house. But I do not believe that; though the old man really seems to have something on his mind,—especially the last two days, when he has been ill in bed. He called me in there, to-day, and told me, if he died, to take out a packet that was under his pillow, and open it.'

"What is this old fellow's name?"

"Herr Zschokke."

"He is an old friend of mine. I have visited the house and seen the ghost—or heard of it, rather. It knocks somewhere, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said she, smiling, "it knocks on the other side of a locked door in the room in which we are. It is very mysterious, and I don't wonder at its troubling Arthur; but still it doesn't trouble me,—I could almost say I like it; when I hear it I feel

somehow helped and protected—as if the ghost were a friend. I would like to have the door opened; but Herr Zschokke says it must not be while he is alive; and Arthur would like to have it fastened more firmly than it is now! Well—then I will tell him that you are coming. You'll be kind to him, won't you? And don't notice if he seems to speak harshly to me. It's only a way he has got into; he never does any harm, when he is himself."

"I spent the interval between Constance's departure and my visit to her in endeavouring to realise the changes that had occurred since our last meeting. The changes in her were evident and deplorable enough. The fresh, impressible girl was for ever gone; and the woman who came in her place showed the traces of the miserable wrongs and outrages that she had endured. Nevertheless, so strongly rooted had been the original sweetness of her nature, in spite of its many weaknesses, that much of its fragrance and innocent charm was still left. Her suffering had blighted but not degraded her; and although Fellowes had compelled something of the spiritual part of her to his base uses, it had been necessary for him first to lay asleep the inmost soul, wherein reside all the deeper sanctities; it was not permitted him to pollute more than the externals, which clothe the flower but are no essential part of it. For Constance was like a white rose, wilted and nipped by untimely frosts and storms, but retaining, within, its native perfume and purity. Meanwhile her character had gained strength and height; and although much of the shrinking sensitiveness and many of the delicate illusions of her life had been removed, she was a nobler and more lovable woman than before her calamities began."

"And yet—and yet—there was a gulf between us! She was not the maiden I had known; doubtless I, too, had changed. She was chastened and strengthened, but she was not my Constance; she would not have been mine even had that besotted sinner who was her husband been removed from my path. There were things in her experience which I did not know of, and could never know. The grim reality of life and struggle in the world had altered her manner, the cadence of her voice, the wistfulness of her mouth; or, in short, it had made a difference in her, and the fact that she remained in some way the same rendered these differences only the more noticeable and—different! Constance Fellowes was the only woman in the world for whom I cared anything; but that was because Constance Cambryn had ceased to live. I would have given my life, perhaps, for the former; but only in the latter could I have fully found it. There was a sense of loss in my heart as I sat and thought about her that was all the more bitter because it was not bitter enough. It is only by paradoxes that I can attempt to express my meaning. If there has never been any passage in your life that enables you to understand me, you are a fortunate man."

"Well, I was glad to emerge from these sombre musings, and to bend my steps towards the old house in the Kugelstrasse. It was quite late; though the summer days were long, the shops that I passed were alight. There was a dim light, too, in a second-floor window of Herr Zschokke's residence; and a flickering gas-jet burnt in the hall, as I stumbled my way in. There was no one to receive me, and conduct me upstairs, so I proceeded to perform that office for myself. But when I had arrived at the first landing I heard a voice calling in a weak, complaining tone. Looking around, I saw a door partly open, and it was from this direction the voice seemed to come. I pushed the door open, and found myself in a small bed-chamber, illuminated only by the light of the street lamp in front of the house, which shone through the window, and cast a dim radiance upon the bed in the corner. This bed, as I presently perceived, contained Herr Zschokke. He was a grisly-looking object, and evidently in a precarious state both of mind and body."

"You are the honoured Herr Consul, are you not?" he asked, feebly raising himself on one elbow, and peering at me with his deep-set eyes.

"I am he. I am sorry to see you unwell. Have you no one to take care of you?"

"The lady who lodges upstairs gives me all the care I need. She is a good lady; she is not as the others; she has paid her rent. Her husband is commonly besotted, and he finds fault with the accommodation; but the lady is amiable. She told me that you were expected here to-night. Distinguished sir, I make bold to speak—I desired to say something to your Excellency."

"Say on, Herr Zschokke. But I am expected upstairs, and it is late—"

"Ah! I will not detain you. But why should that drunken fellow object to the accommodation? It is very good for the price. What is a little noise, more or less, which might be caused by the banging of a shutter in the wind, or—a hundred ordinary things might cause it! The lady does not mind it. Besides, the door is locked; it has even two locks, and if you unlock one, you fasten the other. Besides, there are bars; I put them up, to guard against accidents. For the knocking is certainly pretty loud, sometimes; and I have seen the door tremble! But it has been locked a long time, now—forty years! It is not likely that, after holding so long, it should break down at last. But it certainly sounds very loud, sometimes, especially when you are alone. It was therefore that I first had the idea to take in lodgers. These things do not make one so nervous when there are other people in the house. But it is absurd for the lodgers to make objections to it; what have they to do with it? They were not present when it was locked up; they know not what is inside there. When I locked that door, I was alone—I took care about that! I bought the locks, and fastened them on myself, and afterwards, when that did not seem enough, I put up the bars also. There is nothing that can hurt them. They do not know what causes the noise. Neither do I know; it was silent enough in the room when I closed the door forty years ago! The knocking began later—a week later. I do not know what causes it. I thought it might be the blinds, which were, perhaps, loose; so I secured them also; I put bars across them on the outside, as you may have observed, worthy Herr Consul. Ah, I have seen you come and stand outside, and look! But it could not have been the blinds, because the noise went on just the same. Sometimes I thought it would certainly get out—whatever it is—it was so loud—Hist!"

He sat upright in bed, with his bushy eyebrows lifted and his finger raised. A muffled noise sounded faintly in our ears; three heavy knocks, then, after an interval, three more given hurriedly and urgently. Then silence again. Herr Zschokke sank back upon his pillow.

"Forty years!" he muttered to himself. "One would think he would be tired after forty years. But he is stronger than ever. He will surely be out some day!"

"Of whom do you speak, Herr Zschokke?"

"What does the honoured Herr Consul say? I spoke of no one; I was thinking only. But that puts me in mind of a curious thing—one of those coincidences that occur, and one cannot account for them. I once knew a man—this was long ago—many years ago, he must have been dead long since—this man had a knock just like that. He was an Englishman, and Englishmen always knock at a door; they only look for a bell afterwards. Therefore, when I hear that sound that we were listening to just now, above stairs, it reminds me of him."

"Did this Englishman stay with you long?"

"Forty years is a long time, is it not? Stay, what am I saying? I was thinking of something else. I am ill, and my memory is confused. How long did he stay? He came to stay only overnight—one night. We had some business to transact; it would not take long, though it involved a good deal of money. He was a very wealthy man; but that was nothing to me; I was as wealthy as he."

It was in the morning that he came; he had before written me a letter; he introduced himself, and we talked. I found him a pleasant man,—more amiable than most Englishmen. At one o'clock we had dinner; I gave him a bottle of my best wine,—my Marco-brunner. Then the evening came; we were still talking—discussing business. He was to spend the night with me, as I tell you; on business. We went up to his room, to be out of the way of only one night. We went up to his room, to be out of the way of only one night. It is a curious thing, dear Herr Consul,—another coincidence; his room was the same one which was afterwards shut up. It only happened so, you understand; anything might happen! We had another bottle of wine up there, and a fine piece of old cheese, which I cut with my long clasp knife, because that stupid servant had forgotten to bring up a bottle of wine; it was strong we should not have had that other bottle of wine; a little less amiable; he wine, and I think it made the Englishman a little less amiable; he said some things that were not quite polite. And I was such a fiery young fellow in those days, I would answer him back; there might have been some difference between us—some dispute. And, as I have told you, there was a great deal of money involved; and the bank-notes were on the table. But if you think I would touch a single groschen before it was mine by law and by justice, it is because you do not know me; I would rather have left all those thousands of thalers there on the table during all these forty years—I would rather do that than touch one of them before the Englishman should say, "Well, I agree, then, let it be so!" And I would rather be poor and lose all my money, and at last die by myself here with no one to take care of me,—yes, rather than go and open that door and take the money, before he should say, "You may have it!" Hist! hist! there he is again!"

"Yes; that mysterious knocking was repeated, and it resounded dully through the silent emptiness of the house. Heard under these circumstances, it was a ghastly sound. Each stroke made my pulse leap. All the while, Herr Zschokke's eyes were fixed upon me, and they glittered in the lamplight like red agates."

"This was not all. After the silence which followed the knocking had lasted a few moments, a sort of scuffling sound was audible on the floor of the room overhead, and the tones of a man's voice; and then the fall of some heavy object. Then a door opened, and a stealthy footstep descended the stair. It paused on the threshold of the room in which we were, and the door creaked upon its hinges."

"Herr Zschokke sat glaring out from the grey jungle of his hair and beard. 'Lieber Gott! he comes at last!' he whispered."

"But it was a woman's figure that entered the room,—Constance, her face very pale, her breathing laboured."

"I knew you had come," she said, when she saw me. "I heard a talking down here. Arthur is very ill; will you come up and see him?"

"Is the door firm still?" demanded Herr Zschokke.

She looked at him and nodded.

"It will not last after to-night," he said. "This very night it is forty years. To-night it will be known. Frau Fellowes, you have remembered what I told you—about that little packet? See, it is here!"

He turned and lifted up the corner of his pillow, discovering a small brown paper parcel, about eight inches in length, tied and sealed.

"I shall not forget, Herr Zschokke," she said.

"He sank back, muttering, 'And yet it is only by me that it should be done. He will expect it of me. He has waited a long time!'"

"I followed Constance upstairs and into her apartment. It was a room rather larger than the one below, but with an appearance of even greater squalor. It had once been carpeted, but the carpet was now utterly worn away, save for some ragged strips that still remained near the walls. Stained fragments of paper clung to the plaster here and there, or hung downwards in unsightly tatters. The furniture consisted of a bed, a table, and a chair. This last was drawn into a corner of the room, as far as possible from a door which faced the door by which we had entered, and which was fitted with two huge rusty locks, and additionally secured by three bars laid transversely across it. This door seemed somehow to dominate the whole room; it was not only the most conspicuous object there, but it seemed to possess a personality of its own. This effect was enhanced by the contrast of the red rust of the locks with the blackness of the door and the bars."

"There was a candle, and a bottle, and the remains of some supper upon the table, which stood within reach of the chair. In the chair was seated, in a slouching attitude, a figure that I of course knew must be Fellowes."

"His wife went up to him, and said, 'Arthur, this is Mr. Blount, who has come to see us, and who has been so kind.'"

"Help me up!" said he; and with her assistance he rose slowly to an upright position. "Well, Mr. Blount," he continued, looking at me, and speaking with a pitiable imitation of his old jocular air, "here we are again!"

"I hope to see you in a better state before long," I said, with as much heartiness as I could throw into my voice.

"It is devilish poor accommodation to offer you—especially seeing that you represent the United States of America—for which, by the by, accept my respectful congratulations. I don't even know that I can offer a chair, unless you will consent to look upon that bed as such; our landlord is not very liberal in the matter of furniture. However, if you don't mind, you—take care! Gracious heaven, look at that!"

"He was pointing at the bed with a shaking hand and an expression of sickening disgust and terror. I looked in the direction indicated by his finger, but could see nothing except a rather unrepresentable blanket. Not knowing what to make of his evident agitation, I glanced at Constance for explanation. Her face and the mute movement of her lips revealed to me at once the hateful truth. After a few moments Fellowes dropped into his chair with a low laugh."

"It's the light, I suppose," he said, "though I don't see why a bad light should make the room seem so full of these nasty vermin. You must have seen that great creature squatting on the bed there—just where you were going to sit down. Where can he have gone to? And I shouldn't mind their being on the bed, if they'd only leave me alone. And there's Connie ready to swear there's no such thing! Confound her, she's always for making out that things are better than they are. Tell the truth and shame the devil—that's my plan; and if you see a snake or a rat, crush it! But the trouble about these things is, they're so infernally cunning that you can't—pshaw! What were we talking about? Yes, things have gone back a bit since I met you last. I was a great fool, Mr. Blount, and I've often regretted it since. I thought I was doing a deuced clever thing, but that was my mistake. With those two thousand pounds of yours, and no encumbrance, I might have got on. But Connie, here, has been the death of me; I ought to have left her behind for you. She ruined me—and served me right, may be; but there it is. I wish to the devil I'd left her behind for you to pick up. I know you fancied her."

"While her husband was speaking, Constance had gradually and, as it were, insensibly approached the black door, and was now leaning against it, with her hands hanging folded before her. She interposed at this point, and said hurriedly and nervously,

"Tell Mr. Blount about our idea of going back to America, Arthur. Ask him whether he thinks it would be best?"

"Oh, yes, you are very hot to get back to America, I dare say! Divorce is easy there, I've been told—ha, ha! And just look at her, Mr. Blount. She goes over and sticks by that infernal door

just to spite me. She knows I daren't go after her there, and so she thinks she's safe. But I can throw something at her—and I will, and hit her, too,—I'm not afraid to do that! Here's this bottle, for instance; it's empty now (worse luck!), but I can hit her with this. Now then, confound you!" he continued, laying hold of the neck, and addressing his wife in a threatening tone; "will you come away from that door, or will you have your head . . ."

"He stopped, and the bottle fell from his hand. I had been on the point of stepping forward to wrest it from him, but my interference was unnecessary. From the other side of the black door came the sound of three measured blows, smitten heavily against the massive panels. A pause, during which one might draw a breath, followed; then the next three strokes came succeeding one another with imperious quickness, and given with such vigour that the staunch framework quivered. Then a total silence, while the blood hummed in my ears."

"Isn't it too bad!" faltered Fellowes, after a while, appealing to me. "I was only in fun—anybody could see that?—and that great hulking fiend must come and hammer at me like that. It's always so. I've got a habit of swearing—a bad habit of course, but it is too late to cure it, and I don't mean anything by it. Well, as soon as I let out a few more oaths than usual at her, up jumps that devil there and bangs against those panels as if he'd drive a hole through them. And I believe he will do it, yet; and that's exactly what she wants. Look at her! It frightens me almost out of my life, that noise does, and you too, I daresay; but she enjoys it as much as if each knock were a five-pound note! There never was anything like it. This place has been a perfect hell to me ever since we got into it; but I believe upon my soul that she would rather live here than in a mansion in Mayfair. Look at her!"

There was certainly an expression about Constance's eyes and brow that could not but be deemed singular under the circumstances—a light of security and peace, as of one who was removed from all liability to danger or disturbance. The thing that shook the souls of every one else brought strength and courage to hers. Whatever or whomsoever that closed room held imprisoned was her champion, and powerful to take her part against the world. Let her but rest upon the black door, and neither Fellowes nor any other enemy should prevail against her."

"I won't stand it, you know," continued Fellowes. "I'll leave this to-morrow.—I'll leave to-night, if that infernal racket begins again! And she shall come along with me."

"Not to-night, Arthur," replied Constance. "I will go where ever you like to-morrow, but to-night I must stay here."

"I was going to ask you whether I might not take you home with me to-night, I said. 'I have a room prepared for you. After that you can go to the hotel, until your remittance comes from Boston. This really does not seem to be the right sort of place to get any rest in.'"

"Our rest must be afterwards. We must stay now—it cannot be helped—for, look!" said she, directing me with her eyes to Fellowes. So I looked, and saw him bend forward in his chair, and raise one foot, as a man might do who was aiming to crush a reptile with his heel. Then down the heel came, and Fellowes ground it savagely into the floor, while his teeth grated together. A moment after, with a shudder of loathing, he was shaking an invisible something off his sleeve. Then he sank back in his chair with a groan, and pressed his hands over his face."

"It would not be safe to move him," said Constance. "You are very kind, but until this attack is over, he must be kept here. But do not you stay. Oh, I know how to take care of him, and I am not afraid. You remember I told you not to come here; it is not a fit place for visitors. Go now, and to-morrow we will see about a change."

"To be frank with you, I don't like to leave you alone with your husband," I said. "This is a madness like any other, and he might kill you in a paroxysm at any moment. You would be quite helpless, for Herr Zschokke is apparently dying. If you send me away there would be no protection—"

"I was standing close beside her as I spoke, and was inadvertently resting one hand against the door. Suddenly I felt a shock pass up my arm, with a sensation of intense cold. Constance started as well as I, but the warm blood flushed in her cheeks, and her eyes brightened. And now once more resounded that heavy knock, and as the strokes fell, I saw the black plank vibrate, and fancied I could feel the influence of a living personality on the other side, but a few inches distant from me, and so resolute to come forth, that I was strongly impelled to burst open the door, and end his imprisonment and the mystery at once."

"Let us have the door down!" I said to Constance. "This is too horrible. It has been going on for forty years, and I suspect there is foul play at the bottom of it. Where are the keys? or a jemmy would do the business."

"Yes—No! stop—it might hurt Arthur," she said, detaining me as I was about to go in search of some burglarious implement."

"What might hurt him?"

"What is here!" she answered, laying her fingers on the panel. "It is a friend to me, but I think it is an enemy to him."

"This is for me to do," said a voice that made us both turn sharply. "I have been a long time coming, but I will see my old friend now, and settle our business. Stand aside, if you please; no one can open that door but me."

"It was Herr Zschokke, in his dressing-gown and slipper—a more appalling spectacle than most apparitions. He tottered as he walked, and had, indeed, the appearance of a man near to death; but an unnatural energy inspired him. He advanced to the door, and there paused, breathing heavily. He seemed to have no eyes for anything but the door from this time forth, and no consciousness of anything save that which waited on the other side of it. After he had somewhat recovered his breath, he slowly drew from the pocket of his dressing-gown the little sealed bundle which he had showed us underneath his pillow. He tore off the fastenings, and, having unwrapped the paper, produced two keys."

"At this juncture, Fellowes, who had temporarily relapsed into a sort of shuddering stupor, sprang to his feet and shrieked out, 'Don't let him do it! Stop him! Kick him out! If he lets that creature out I shall be murdered!'"

"Herr Zschokke took no more notice of this outburst than if he had not heard it. Perhaps he did not hear it. For my part, I felt no inclination to interfere; and Constance could not have done so effectually had she desired it. Fellowes, moaning and muttering, resumed his seat, and spoke no further articulate words."

"Herr Zschokke, taking the keys in his right hand, stepped close up to the door, and laid his ear against it, as if listening. Then, with the key, he rapped lightly on the panel, and said in a husky tone, 'Are you there, Herr Edward? It is late; but even now it was not easy to come. I shall let you out, and then—well, then we shall see more of each other; we shall finish our little business. Tell me, are you there? are you ready?'"

"A single ponderous blow was the answer. It resounded through the house, and the echo of it went rumbling down the stairs, as if to herald the way for what was to come after."

"Well—good!" muttered Herr Zschokke, inserting one of the keys into a keyhole, which he accomplished more easily than I should have imagined. With the other key in hand he paused, and spoke again."

"Shall you forgive me, Herr Edward? You know it was without thought,—in a moment! And I left the bargain as it was."

"A dead silence. I checked my breath to listen; but no sound came. An ominous silence, truly! My eyes were on Herr

Nov. 27, 1880

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

V.

Zschokke's face, and I saw the haggard lines deepen and the jaw relax. It was fully two minutes before he again essayed to speak, and then his utterance was so imperfect that I could scarcely distinguish anything he said. But I fancied I caught the words, "You have had your revenge already, forty times over; but you were always hard at a bargain. So be it!"

"He put the other key in the lock; then, by a violent effort, which evidently taxed to the utmost his failing strength, he turned both keys simultaneously in opposite directions. I heard the bolts grate back in the socket. Herr Zschokke next pressed a sort of latch, which released the three bars; finally he laid his hand upon the door-handle, and turned it.

"The door, instead of opening in the usual way, started forward towards us, the hinges being torn from their fastenings in the solid wood, as if under the impact of some violent force. It fell at our feet with a dull crash, and the candle was extinguished.

"Something seemed to pass close by me; it affected me like an icy blast of air, and yet I knew it was not air; it possessed intelligence, and fatal purpose. It swept by me into the room, with a long, hungry sigh; I fancied it directed itself towards that corner in which Fellows was cowering. Immediately afterwards I heard an odd sound, as of strangling or choking. Then all was still. We could see nothing. But presently there was a howling as of wind in the passage way without; it went down the stairs; the door on the street closed with a hollow noise; and again there was silence.

"What had happened? Reaching out blindly in the darkness, my hand came in contact with a soft wrist, which I knew to be Constance's. It drew me forward towards the right, and I perceived that I was breathing a strange atmosphere, dry and lifeless. After a few steps into the black void, Constance stopped, and I with her.

"Now, close in front of our eyes, a blue flame flashed out, and revealed Herr Zschokke. He had struck a match, and was applying it to a candle in a handsome silver candlestick. The candlestick stood upon a table, which was covered with dusty bank-notes of various denominations, interspersed with little piles of gold and silver. There were two chairs at this table; one was overturned, as if the occupant had risen suddenly and violently. The other chair still contained a seated figure.

"It was the figure of an elderly man, dressed in a dark blue top-coat, with a number of short capes on his shoulders. The face, so far as it could be discerned, was of a dark yellowish hue; the brow was fixed in a stern frown; but where the eyes should have been there were only dusky cavities, with no light in them. The figure sat with his right hand outstretched upon the table, clutching at a folded document that lay there amidst the bank-notes and coin. The other hand was clenched, and pressed against his chest. A thick greyish dust—the dust of forty years—lay on his grey hair, and on his outstretched arm, and in the cavernous hollow of the eyesockets.

"Herr Zschokke picked up the fallen chair, and drawing it to the table, sat down. He had the air of a man come to transact business, and unconscious of spectators.

"Here I am, Herr Edward," he said. "I have been delayed on the way, but I am come at last. Now, if you please, we will settle our affair, and then drink one more glass of wine before we part!"

"Meanwhile Constance, whose wrist I still held, was standing at the other side of the table. She was close to the man of dust, and look earnestly down at him.

"Cousin Edward," she said at length. "Is this you? Have you guarded my rights through all these years? It was not worth while; I should have been happier if you had let it go. But I thank you, Cousin Edward!"

"She put her hand gently on his shoulder. Light though the touch was, it disturbed the balance of the figure; the joints of the skeleton felt apart, and the whole apparition sunk into itself. Only a dusty heap of clothes seemed now to occupy the place where it had been.

"So!" exclaimed Herr Zschokke, with a short dry laugh that sounded like a rattle in his throat. "So, you are gone; and after all, I think you have had the best of the bargain. Ah, well! so be it! we will bear each other no grudge. But I feel myself very weary; I must have rest; I will sleep here awhile."

"He leaned his arms upon the table, rested his head upon them, and spoke no more. In some way, the dust that overspread everything had settled likewise upon him, so that it seemed as if he, too, had spent the better part of half a century behind the door with Two Locks. When I shook his arm to rouse him, he did not respond. He had followed Herr Edward, whither, I do not undertake to say. I drew Constance out of the room.

"It is all over," I said. "We must go and give notice to the authorities. Where is your husband? It won't do to leave him here.—Fellows!"

"Hush!" said Constance, suddenly gripping my arm; "Look!"

"It was perhaps the ghastliest spectacle of all that ghastly night. Fellows was huddled up in his chair, in the farthest corner of the room. His arms were stiffly extended before him, the fingers of the hands hooked and rigid. His chin was thrown up, his eyes stared. Strange and fearful to tell,—on his exposed throat there were several small dark marks, like the imprint of strangling fingers. He was quite dead."

At the close of this story, Blount and I were standing in a part of Hamburg not far from the Hamburg Berg. In front of us was an open place, filled with broken bricks, fragments of crumbling plaster, and similar rubbish.

"This is where Zschokke's house used to stand," remarked Blount. "I'm glad it's gone!"

"Did he really murder Cambrlyn?" I inquired.

Blount shrugged his shoulders. "You know as much as I do," he said. "I would not condemn a man on the evidence of a few delirious mutterings; but appearances were against him. As for the knocking, I can vouch for that; and it will explain to you why that tattoo that you beat upon Mrs. Blodgett's door produced such an effect upon me."

After gazing at the ruins for a while, we turned and strolled homewards. "I presume that document was the will," I said, "and that Mrs. Fellows owned the estates."

"It was the will, certainly; but the estates were never disturbed. She had property enough to live upon; and those who would have constrained her to bring the action were no longer alive. I took her back to the old house at Northmere. It was a mysterious matter, and an ambiguous one, to the end. I don't pretend to explain it. That Door with Two Locks was a good deal like the doors of other mysteries. You must turn the keys both at once, in opposite directions; or better still, perhaps, let them alone."

There was another silence. But I had one thing more to say.

"You have not yet told me whether you are married."

"Mrs. Fellows died a year ago," replied Blount curtly. "Let us talk of something else."

THE END.

AMERICAN PRESIDENTS have invariably been either lawyers or generals, while the three latest rulers of the States, Grant, Hayes, and Garfield, all belong to the State of Ohio. The coming man, General Garfield, has strongly defined literary tastes, unlike the majority of Washington public men, and is, moreover, a keen politician. Further, he is nearly as inveterate a smoker as General Grant.

LOVERS of poetry will find much to interest them in a charming series of volumes published by Warne and Co. under the title of the "Lansdowne Poets." A new edition, by Edward Walford, M.A., of Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry" belongs to this series, and will form a valuable addition to the libraries of students of English literature. "Gems of National Poetry," compiled and edited by Mrs. Valentine, contains choice and well-selected *morceaux* from the writings of both past and present English poets. —A new edition of "The Poetical Works of Gray, Beattie, and Collins," with a short memoir of each, forms another volume. The numerous excellent illustrations in these editions make them still more attractive.

Girls suffering from the grievous complaint of idleness will do well to learn from Phillis Browne "What Girls Can Do" (Cassell). Clever girls, girls who are not clever, those who have money to spend, and those who want to earn it, will find good practical advice to suit each and all of them in this unpretending careful work.

"A Christmas Child," by Mrs. Molesworth (Macmillan), is the history of the sayings and doings of a remarkable baby, "very like Helen's." The illustrations in this little volume are very good.

A third edition of "The Children's Fairy Geography," by the Rev. Forbes E. Winslow, M.A. (Skeffington), is sufficient proof of its popularity. This elegant and beautifully illustrated volume is as unlike the school room geography of former days as it is possible to imagine.

"The Bird and Insects' Post Office," by Robert and Charles Bloomfield (Griffith and Farran), comprises a series of witty, amusing letters in verse and prose, the supposed correspondence of some birds and insects. The illustrations are numerous and excellent.

The following are from the *Hand and Heart* publishing office:—First, a tiny volume, containing the bright, humorous little story of "Nehemiah Nibbs' Goose," by Charles W. Bardsley, M.A., republished from last year's "Fireside Annual." The "Fireside Annual" for this year contains its usual complement of good serial stories and instructive papers on Science, Art, and other subjects by well-known writers. The *Day of Days and Home Words* Annuals, also edited by the Rev. Charles Bullock, are too well-known and appreciated to need further mention. "Our Folks," the Christmas number of the *Fireside*, is a collection of amusing sketches in the form of letters, describing imaginary notabilities of a country village.

"Carols and Chimes" contains two short Christmas stories by E. Garnett and Mrs. Marshall.

"The Tempter Behind," by John Saunders (National Temperance Publication Dept.), is a powerfully written story, evincing much dramatic skill and originality, and illustrates in glaring colours the evil effects of intemperance, especially in its most dangerous form of secret drinking.

A useful book for girls of all classes is entitled, "Wise Words and Loving Deeds," by E. Conder Gray (Marshall, Japp, and Co.). —This work consists of biographies of several wise and good women who have lived and died in the present century, and who have won renown by their good deeds and energetic use of exceptionally brilliant talents. From the same publishers we have "Leaders of Men," also Biographies, by H. A. Page. Many of these sketches have also appeared in monthly magazines.

"Master Missionaries," from the same publishers, by Alexander Hay Japp, LL.D., is a collection of biographical sketches of famous missionaries; some of these have also been published in an abridged form in *Good Words* and the *Sunday Magazine*.

A new edition of the Rev. William Palmer's "Ecclesiastical History" (Pickering) will be welcomed by theological students. This modest volume contains, in a condensed form, a most comprehensive account of the rise and progress of Christianity from its commencement to the Voltairean era.

"St. Augustine's Manual," from the same publishers, is a quaint little book, printed in Old English characters. Admirers of the antique and young ladies of Ritualistic proclivities will be charmed with this addition to their libraries.

Amongst the numerous children's books for the present season, "Familiar Friends," by Olive Patch (Cassell), deserves special notice. The illustrations are remarkable for the life and vigour displayed in the drawing of animals and figures.

"The Leisure Hour" and "Sunday at Home" for the present year still worthily hold their own amongst a host of more modern rivals. The fourth volume of the "Welcome Hour" (Partridge) is attractive in appearance, and contains instructive and amusing stories for children as well as numerous illustrations.

ST. BENEDICT'S COLLEGE AND MONASTERY, FORT AUGUSTUS, LOCH NESS

ALL know the legend which links the Stone of Scone encased in the regal throne of England with the pillow of Jacob during his memorable dream. Few, however, are aware that it is the subject of one of the most venerable and venerated of Scottish traditions, the consecration of King Aidan by St. Columba, the first Apostle to the Picts. The green shores of Loch Ness hallowed by associations with the saint can now boast a superb pile of ecclesiastical buildings, rivalling in magnificence and completeness the bygone splendours of the most famous of our ancient monasteries. The sword has, indeed, been changed into the sickle for on the site of Fort Augustus, built to overawe the Highlanders after the disastrous '15, a colony of Benedictine monks have, as it were, set up their camp in the wilderness, men of peace, carrying out the motto of the great founder of their order, St. Benedict, "Pax," taking the place of men of war. Some idea of the scale on which the completed buildings of College, Monastery, and Hospice have been erected may be gained from the statement that 70,000*l.* has been expended up to the present time. The original design was by Mr. Joseph Hansom, later on the aid of Messrs. Pugin and Pugin, of Victoria Street, Westminster, heirs to the fame and talents of the great reviver of Gothic architecture, was called in, and the unique Scriptorium, where the monks have established a printing-press, the glorious Cloisters, and the superb conventual Tower bear evidence to the wisdom of selection. The great Roman Catholic families of Norfolk, Ripon, Bute, Lovat, Denbigh, Herries, and Stafford, with many others, have contributed largely to the undertaking.

The College has been devised in the minutest details to promote the health of the students, even to a shoe room and room for great coats, both warmed with hot-air pipes. Baths of every kind, hot, cold, douce, and spring are provided; "tubbing" is made an institution; the dormitories are high, large, well-lighted, and ventilated. Each student has his separate compartment, fitted with a wardrobe, carpet, and angle basin, a boon to delicate youths who, as a rule, in other educational establishments are doomed even on the coldest mornings to descend to a chilly lavatory. The elder and junior students have their separate class-rooms and libraries, and the elder, in addition, their own private rooms, their billiard table, and meeting hall. Swimming and rowing are taught, and no pupil will be permitted to enter a boat until he is an expert swimmer.

There is fishing in the well-known salmon river Oich, a cricket field has been laid down, and the playgrounds extend over fourteen acres. The educational course is on the broadest and most liberal scale to prepare pupils for the Universities, the Army, and the higher grades of the Civil Service. In the selection of masters, the

object of the Prior, the Very Rev. Father Vaughan, has been to secure the highest teaching ability from our National Universities, irrespective of religious distinctions. Living languages are taught colloquially by native professors, and the training is intended to turn out, not scholars merely, but loyal gentlemen, in the kindly words of William Makepeace Thackeray, "Or if we rise, or if we fall, be each, pray God, a gentleman." Such are the aim and object of the new Benedictine College, situate amidst some of the loveliest of Highland scenery, in which the charms of Nature have been supplemented by the fullest resources of Art.

THE CONDEMNED RUSSIAN NIHILISTS

FIVE of the condemned—Kviatkovski, Shiraiev, Mdles. Figner, Ivanova, and Griassnova—whose portraits we present here, were sentenced at the recent trial at St. Petersburg by the court martial held on November 10th. Alexander Kviatkovski, of noble descent, the most important of the prisoners, was arrested by the St. Petersburg police in December, 1879, at the same time as Mdle. Figner. Three mines ready for explosion, but in dissected pieces, were found in their lodging, as well as dynamite and fulminate, with revolvers, poison, and the plan of the Winter Palace of the Russian Emperor, in which, later on, the explosion took place.

The evidence which came out at this trial disclosed that Kviatkovski, who headed the Terrorist party, was one of those concerned in the explosion of the Winter Palace on April 14th, 1880, when eleven men were killed and sixty-six were wounded; that he was an indirect party to the attempt on the Emperor's life by Soloviev on April 2nd, 1879; and that he took part in the secret congress of the Terrorists at Lipetsk, in 1879, where a series of attempts on the Emperor's life were decided upon, in addition to other less well-known offences.

The punishment of this man was proportioned to his crime; he suffered the extreme penalty of the law on the 15th inst., on the glacis of the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. Presniakov, another condemned prisoner, was executed at the same time. The mass of spectators saw with what supreme tranquillity these men suffered death; the strong sense of the justice of their cause being pre-eminent to the last. They mounted the scaffold barefooted, in the long white pall of the parricide, kissed one another and the cross which the priest brought to them, and then were immediately raised into the air by the rope which was already round their necks.

Mdile. Figner, daughter of a high Russian official, is twenty-two years old. This young lady was acquitted of any participation in the Winter Palace conspiracy; but she was condemned to fifteen years' penal servitude on the charge of her connection with the Terroristic party, and for publishing forbidden works. The Court, pitying her youth, begged of the Czaravitch to change her sentence into transportation to Eastern Siberia, where her sister is already in exile. Mdile. Figner has been a medical student, and she also studied music at the Conservatoire, St. Petersburg. Her voice is said to be one of the most beautiful in Europe.

Shiraiev, of a peasant family, has been studying in a veterinary institute. He lived some time in London and in Paris, and on his return to Russia in 1879 he joined the Terrorist party, and with Hartmann prepared dynamite for mines. He took part in the secret congress, and with Hartmann again was a party in the Moscow explosion, December 1st, 1879. He directed the digging of mines near Odessa and Alexandrovsk after this, and shortly after was arrested by the police at St. Petersburg. Condemned to be hung, his sentence has been remitted into one of penal servitude for life.

Mdile. Ivanova, daughter of a major, is the heroine of one of the most extraordinary transactions for a young lady of her age (twenty-two years). When the secret printing office of the Terrorist organ, *Narodnaia Volia* (People's Will) was discovered, she with Mdile. Griassnova and three men, revolvers in hand, kept the police at bay for three hours, firing more than 100 shots. The gendarmes answered by volleys at both the windows and the doors, and only succeeded in overcoming the party when their stock of cartridges was exhausted. One of the printers, an unknown person, blew out his brains on seeing the inevitable end, the four others surrendered. Mdile. Ivanova's hands and legs were tied with ropes, and she was thrown on the ground; in this state she reproached her comrades for lack of energy in self-defence. The gendarme officer, hearing that, struck her in the face with the butt end of his revolver, and kicked her severely. She complained of the man—then a witness against her—before the court martial, but the officer, though he could not deny the fact, disregarded her words.

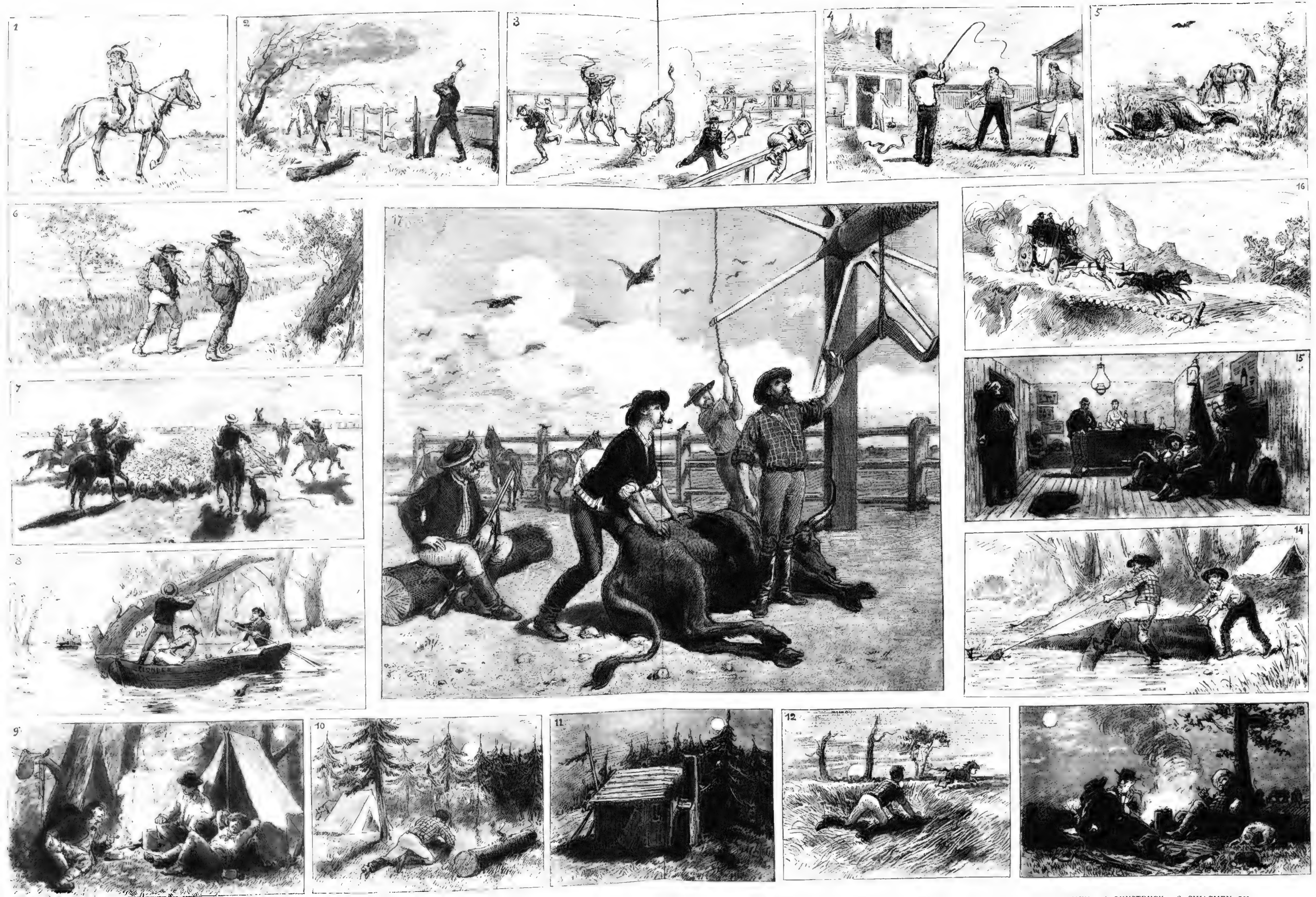
All the printers were condemned to fifteen years' penal servitude, but at the solicitation of the Court Martial, the Her Apparent changed the sentence into four years' penal servitude for Ivanova and transportation to Siberia for Griassnova.

We have still to say a few words of the three other Nihilists whose portraits are given. Papov, son of a priest, was last month to be hung, condemned by a court-martial at Kiev. He stood at the head of that party of Socialist propagandists whose distinguishing feature is that they do not practise any illegal measures either for self-defence or for propagandism. His bold and straightforward speech before the Court was the cause of his condemnation to death, but his sentence was subsequently altered by the Emperor into penal servitude for life.

Dr. Weimar, whose trial at St. Petersburg during the present year caused such a sensation throughout Europe, was condemned to penal servitude at the same time as Mrs. Olga Nathanson. Dr. Weimar was accused of helping two other Nihilists, Mirski and Soloviev, in their criminal designs. He gave his horse to Mirski for his attempt on the life of Drenteln, Chief of the Third Section of the Emperor's Chancellery, and bought the revolver for Soloviev. In the month of October Olga Nathanson became mad in the fortress of St. Petersburg, before she could be sent to Siberia. The real cause of her insanity, it is alleged, lies in the fact that she, with three other young friends, was the subject of criminal violence on the part of the prison officials.

Muiskin was once a justice of the peace, and proprietor of a printing-office from which forbidden books were issued. In 1875 he went to the distant forests of East Siberia with the intention of freeing the famous thinker and critic, Tchernieshevski, who had been in penal servitude for twelve years for his connexion with a secret society. Muiskin was unsuccessful in this attempt; he was arrested, and condemned with 193 persons in the colossal political trial of 1878. His speech before the tribunal brought tears to some, caused others to turn pale, to tremble, or to become furious. He was condemned to twenty years' penal servitude at the Central Prison at Kharkov. Single-handed, and with no other implement than his hands, this gigantic minded man began to make an underground passage in his prison to effect his escape. He had nearly finished the passage when it was discovered; he was unmercifully lashed then, and, like many other Russian political prisoners, he has since become mad from the barbarous treatment he received. Muiskin's insanity dates from last month.

TWO SALONS will probably be held in Paris next year, the usual annual exhibition in May, and the triennial Salon in July. To the former a champion of Henri Cinq's Divine Right will send "La France Légitimiste," a female figure holding the traditional white flag and *fleurs-de-lis* emerging from the mouth of a cannon. French sculptors, by-the-bye, will shortly be fully occupied if the Paris Municipal Council carry out their project of lining the Champs Elysées on each side with colossal statues of famous men.



1. LOOKING OUT FOR STRAYED CATTLE: "I BELIEVE THAT'S CATTLE OVER THERE."—2. BUSH FIRE: SAVING A POST AND RAIL FENCE.—3. YARDING A WAIRIGIS BULL.—4. THE COOK DRIVING A SNAKE OUT OF HIS KITCHEN.—5. SUNSTRUCK.—6. SWAGMEN ON THE TRAMP.—7. BRINGING SHEEP INTO WATER BY MOONLIGHT.—8. CUTTING A SAFE PASSAGE FOR A STEAMER IN THE MURRUMBIDGEE.—9. A CATTLE CAMP.—10. SHOOTING ONE'S SUPPER.—11. ON THE "RUN": A SHEPHERD'S HUT.—12. PLEASANT: TWENTY MILES FROM HOME.—13. A NIGHT CAMP ON A DISTANT PART OF THE "RUN."—14. "STICK TO HIM, MATE!"—15. WAITING FOR THE COACH.—16. A RUNAWAY.—17. A CHANGE FROM MUTTON.

"GONE OUT TO AUSTRALIA"



M. ADOLPHE BURDO, of the Belgian Geographical Society, whose "Niger and Benueh" (R. Bentley and Son) Mrs. G. Sturge has just translated, was not sent out by the African International Association of Brussels, but was travelling on his own account. Starting from Dakar, he went to St. Louis, the French capital of Senegambia, dating from 1637. Here he was persuaded to give up his grand idea of "uniting the Senegal with the Niger." The native chiefs, he was told, don't like too many white travellers; and a M. Soleillet had just started on his intended route. He therefore harked back to Dakar, the delay of the steamer giving him ample time to criticise the ridiculous dress of the *signardes* (half-caste women), and the more than *lazzaroni* idleness of the emancipated blacks, and to learn how much the colony owes to General Faidherbe, who made life and property safe, set up schools, and won golden opinions from all, except a few merchants who object to any "military interference." The liveliest of M. Burdo's adventures is his losing his way among the creeks into which he plunged after leaving Brass. He was in an open boat manned by Kroomen, who not unnaturally lost heart when fresh water wholly failed, and they found that instead of getting up towards the Benueh they were drifting seaward. How, desponding though he was, he heartened them up, calling out: "Courage, strong men of Kroo; a little more energy!—one last effort!" is told in that thoroughly un-English style which is the charm of the book. There are the usual incidents of African travel: a canoe-attack which one explosive ball suffices to drive off; interviews with huge Kings blessed with any number of fat wives; orgies; human sacrifices. But the monotony is relieved not only by the style but during part of the journey by the presence of Bishop Crowther, who saved M. Burdo's life when, near the confluence of the Niger and Benueh, he was robbed and deserted by his crew. The facts of the Bishop's wonderful career bear retelling. Unlike many African explorers, M. Burdo thinks the spread of Mahometanism an unmixed evil; it makes the negro more sensual, more ferocious, harder to get hold of. His criticisms on our conduct at Whydah, and our doings in general with the King of Dahomey, are severe.

Mr. Barry O'Brien's "Parliamentary History of the Irish Land Question from 1829 to 1869" (Sampson Low and Co.) takes a deal of reading, and is worth a deal of study at the present crisis. Of course Mr. O'Brien, though he starts with the intention of neither blessing nor cursing but of simply stating facts, can't help summing up as strongly against the landlords as ever "hanging Jack Toler," Lord Norbury, did against a Catholic prisoner. If, he argues, speaking of Mr. Parnell's plan of allowing the tenants to extinguish the rent by paying the Government valuation for thirty-five years—if a man's land is wanted for a railway it is taken, will he kill he, for the public good. He implies that, an Irish tenant being worth much more than a few yards of steel rails and sleepers, the justification is far more complete where he is concerned than where it is only a question of making a new line. The cases are not quite parallel. There is this difference which a barrister, like Mr. O'Brien, cannot fail to admit. Unless the land is taken, the railway can have no existence; whereas the tenant can exist without being converted into a proprietor. He can go on as a tenant, or he can emigrate. The point at issue is not: "Are not men worth more than wood and iron?" but "Ought we to interfere with the rights of individuals simply for the purpose of turning tenants into owners?" When we read of all this land legislation that has been going on now for half-a-century, we at once ask: "How is it England has escaped? Why no Special Commissions, no Land Laws, amended and re-amended, among us?" The answer is plain. Landlord and tenant are in a very different position in the two countries. In England the landlord does everything, or allows liberally for what it suits him to let the tenant do. In Ireland unhappily it is often the reverse; the tenant has to do everything, and, until 1870, he had not, except in Ulster, any title to compensation for improvements. The Encumbered Estates' Act aggravated this bad state of things. A landlord of the old stock was seldom cruel; though if, as too often happened, he was an absentee, much cruelty was often done by his agent. But the Act brought to the front the land-jobbers, one of whom has been lately described to the British public as "an improving landlord with a keen eye to business." These men swept their purchases of all whom they deemed unprofitable tenants; they "squared farms" with the most cynical disregard for the occupants' wishes; in short, they sowed the crop on which the Land League is now batten. This radical difference between Irish and English tenancy being borne in mind, one can understand the desperate attempts periodically made, and always defeated, to improve the Irish tenant's position. Of these Mr. O'Brien gives a very impartial account; his sympathies are with the tenant, but only because every suggestion towards putting him on the same level as his English brother has been resented as "confiscation." He gives, too, a lucid explanation of the Ulster custom, and discusses its fitness for the rest of the country. We are glad he quotes the remarkable speech of Mr. C. Russell, M.P. (25th June last), showing that where an Irish landlord evicts, an English landlord would have to give a year's notice. We trust this very timely book will be very widely and carefully read.

Mr. Proctor's style is not altogether to our mind. We are tempted to call him the Daily Telegraphist of astronomers. Still, from his "Poetry of Astronomy" (Smith, Elder, and Co.) a vast amount is to be learnt by those who are not deterred by the style and the number of pages, and by such chapter-headings as "When the Sea was Young" and "Living in Fear and Dread." We learn, for instance, how much wiser we are than our fathers. Thus Sir W. Herschel's theory of solar heat and light would not account for one week's supply of our sunlight; and Whewell's idea that the fixed stars may be mere lights, not huge suns, is shown by "the conservation of force" to be impossible, seeing they have been steadily emitting their light for thousands of years. Why the moon got dead so long before the earth, of which she is an offshoot; why Mercury has probably never been habitable, not even by Whewell's "microscopic creatures with silicious coverings;" why Mars, whose seas are being gradually absorbed into its substance, is probably almost as dead as the moon—unfit for intelligent creatures at any rate; what manner of men they must be, if any, on the Martian moons—these are some of Mr. Proctor's theses. There is a great deal to be learnt from the book, but for our part we would rather learn it in some other way.

"Trade," Mr. H. B. Wheatley tells us, "does not injure gentry," which axiom may account for the pride that "the most gentlemanly college in Cambridge" takes in the diary of a London tailor's son. At Magdalene they have even preserved the true pronunciation of his name—Peeps, not Peps. Pepys, despite the tailoring, was of gentle blood; his ancestor in Henry VI.'s time was bailiff of the Cambridgeshire estates of Crowland Abbey, and at the dissolution the family proved their gentility by securing a share of the Abbey lands. The Diarist, indeed, says, "I believe our family were never considerable;" but Dr. Doran greatly errs in understanding this as a confession that he was not of gentle blood. Young Pepys was a stout Roundhead—went to see Charles I. executed, and remarked, "If I was to preach on the event I should take for my text: 'The memory of the wicked shall rot.'" His principles, however, did not keep him sober; for in Magdalene College books we find "Peapys and Hind were solemnly admonished for having been scandalously

overserved with drink the night before." His early life, however, was forgotten; and till the Diary was published he was looked on as a staid, conscientious man of business, a patron of science, and President of the Royal Society, whom Jeremy Collier styled "a philosopher of the severest morality." If Jeremy (even though he had known nothing of Deb Willett) could have seen his "philosopher" at St. Margaret's, Westminster, "entertaining myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women; and what with that and sleeping, I passed away the time till the sermon was done," he would have given a different verdict. The most interesting part of Mr. Wheatley's "Samuel Pepys, and the World He Lived In" (Bickers and Son), is the notice of his father-in-law, Alexandre Marchant, Sieur de St. Michel, who was always taking out patents for curing smoky chimneys, keeping ponds sweet, raising sunken ships, &c., and whom the Diarist allowed to receive 4s. weekly from the French Protestant Church "which was all his and his wife's subsistence." It was a bad world that Pepys lived in; though Mr. Wheatley shows cause for believing that its badness began before the Restoration. Those who care to scrutinise its "seamy side" will find this book a very good companion to the Diary.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. F. Butler's "Far Out: Rovings Retold" (Isbister) ought to be marked, learned, and inwardly digested by every Englishman. We think we are the only good colonists in the world; on the contrary: "we cannot train or teach; we can only multiply and spread. . . . We have developed India for the usurer, Ireland for the landlord, other parts of the world for the Manchester man, or the London man, or the outside man generally, not for and by the native." It is a too true indictment; though the Romans also failed now and then, and though other nations don't succeed as civilisers any better than we do. Still, they don't boast so insufferably of "the blessings of Christian rule," which too often are found to mean the brandy bottle and the shoddy blanket. "Have we made" (asks Colonel Butler) "any race or people in the whole circle of our vast dominions more thoughtful, more honest, more chaste, or more happy than they were before they came in contact with us?" Questions like this are posers for those whom the title of the book and the headings of some of the chapters led to expect mere magazine padding. Colonel Butler writes (and writes well) about hunting among Esquimaux and salmon fishing in the Fraser, and about Boers and Zulus and diamond diggers; but he also shows how our South African Wars have begun "from the contact of the white man who has never had a servant, and the black who has never known a master;" the white man's sole idea of trade being to outwit the native, and the black firmly believing that (as is the case in the Kaffir tribe, as was the case in the Anglo-Saxon tribe) every white is answerable for his fellow's misdeeds. "Far Out" is no ordinary book; the "plea for the peasant" is full of warning as to our place among the nations.

"Free Lance" (Tinsley), the joint production of Mr. C. Dunphie and Mr. Albert King, is just the book to fill up the half hour before dinner, or the day's last ten minutes while paterfamilias is waiting for the house to get quiet. It is very pleasant reading, but you can leave it off at any moment, and you won't lie awake thinking about it. Some will, perhaps, make a serious study of it, and judge of the difference between us and our fathers by comparing "The Plague of Enthusiasm," "The Delights of Being Horrified," "The Martyrs of Civilisation," and "Carriage People," with certain Essays of Elia. Such a comparison would be hardly fair on us; nevertheless the book is amusing in spite of an over-tendency to "funniness."

"Attic Salt, or Epigrammatic Sayings, collected from the works of Mortimer Collins," by Frank Kerslake (B. Robson and Co.). The late Mr. Mortimer Collins, judging from several posthumous collections of his writings which have been readily welcomed by the public, appears to be one of those authors who meet with a more hearty appreciation after death than in life. One reason for this may be that the character of Mr. Collins, as displayed in his "Life," showed a force and an originality which commanded general attention; another, that much of his work was anonymous, and appeared in ephemeral publications, so that many of his wise and witty utterances were hidden away and often forgotten. His novels, especially, though in some respects defective as works of Art, abounded with bright thoughts and weighty apophthegms, and therefore we think that Mr. Kerslake deserves the thanks of the Collins-admiring public for rescuing these from oblivion in this dainty little volume. We may say at once that from the works of many writers of far wider popularity it would be difficult to make an equally attractive collection. Even where the thought expressed is not particularly novel, a freshness is imparted to it by the epigrammatic form in which it is embodied; and then we find everywhere that intense love of Nature, that close personal acquaintance with animals and their ways, that open-air breeziness, that healthy Toryism of the best sort, and that constant and loving reverence for the Maker of all things, which in these days of doubt and cynicism and sickly sentiment are infinitely refreshing.

NOTE.—The author of the "Index to Shakespearean Thought" writes thus concerning the review of his book in our last issue:—"As 'Love' and 'Lovers' form the principal interest of most of Shakespeare's plays it is not surprising that I found more about these subjects than about 'Hypocrisy.' Under this heading, however, there is a cross reference to 'Deceptive Appearances.' Possibly the reason that the line, 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,' was missed by your critic is that he misunderstands its meaning. Shakespeare referred not to any touch of nature, but to one in particular, namely, 'That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,' &c. This passage will be found under 'Novelty, Love of,' and the whole speech in which it occurs under 'Perseverance, Necessity of,'—perseverance being Shakespeare's own word, and I think more applicable than 'Emulation.' 'He that hath made us with such wide discourse' will be seen under 'Life, Misuse of.'"

"GONE OUT TO AUSTRALIA"

YOUNG "So and So" wouldn't work and didn't pass his examination, so he has "gone out to Australia." Those who tell us this piece of news have generally the vaguest idea what opening there can be, or means of living, for their young friend when he gets to the Antipodes. They know at least enough of Colonial life to be aware that a squatter is generally a rich man, and there are even in Australia those terrible examinations to be passed for appointments in the Civil Service; so, as poor young "So and So" hasn't a penny and wouldn't work, they feel sure he can't become all at once owner of a station, or Minister of Finance.

There may be mysterious modes of getting a living in the bush, but they don't know them, "without, indeed, the poor fellow becomes quite a common labourer or bushman."

Our correspondent C. from New South Wales could enlighten them—he was a luckless "rejected." Perhaps he might have made a finer soldier than the delicate young fellow who sat next to him those memorable mornings at Burlington House, and who answered every one of the questions put to him, at least we think he would not have looked ill at the head of a regiment recognising the enemy, instead of "looking out for strayed cattle," as he portrays himself (No. 1).

C. got employment, not unsuited to a gentleman, as soon as he reached the colony; but the life he leads in the bush involves certain hardships which would overtax a weakling, and requires qualities for success which would not be found in the worthless idler, who sometimes "goes out to Australia," but who will also certainly "go further and fare worse."

C.'s "billet" (as the Australians call all appointments) is that of assistant manager or overseer of a station; he has an introduction to a squatter in Melbourne who so employs him, and sends him with a recommendation to his manager. On arrival C. goes to work with a will when an emergency arises, as in No. 2, when a bush fire puts the fences and station itself in peril. He is ready to turn his activity and talents in any direction, for he is not without talents, you see, though they were not quite of the right sort for Burlington House. When the yarding of cattle is the order of the day good horsemanship is requisite; observation and forethought are also requisite in the long campings-out at distant parts of the run, as in No. 3. Firm yet pleasant treatment of the men under his orders are special requisites for a man to succeed well as assistant-overseer, or to hope to become manager of a station.

No. 5 shows one of the perils of the young man's life; for the burning sun of Australia has its victims in sudden attacks of sunstroke and fever. The Murrumbidgee and Lachlan Rivers abound in fish, and give good sport to those who are fortunate enough to be within reach of their banks, as we see in an encounter with a big cod (No. 14), which vary in size in these rivers from two to a hundred pounds' weight. Black fish and bream also abound; but they would not add any delicacy to a Greenwich feast, having all a somewhat muddy and brackish flavour.

So you see our young friend with his 70s. per annum to begin with, and board and lodging found him, can command varied sport, such as hunting, shooting, and fishing, which it would require a large rent-roll in England or Scotland even to think of, and he enjoys his life at the other side of the world accordingly.



VERY few people, we imagine, will feel quite satisfied with the heroine of "The Trumpet Major" (3 vols., Smith, Elder, and Co.), in preferring her flighty and rather foolish and selfish sailor lover, Bob, to his brother and rival, John. But those who are the least content with Anne Garland's preference will be the most satisfied with the portrait of the true soldier and gentleman which Mr. Thomas Hardy has given us in the person of John Loveday, Trumpet Major of the 4th Dragoons. Perhaps there is some uncomfortable truth to nature about Anne's unconquerable love and loyalty towards the lover who cannot come home from a cruise without losing his heart to the first woman he meets with, who holds that any number of love affairs are consistent with a deep passion for one, and who has only to say, "I am sorry, and will never do it again," to be forgiven as often as he pleases. But the reader's sympathies will be wholly with the man, who loved so well as to be able, for love's sake, to act the inconstancy he could not feel, and, when he had made everybody happy but himself, went off to do his duty with an even more cheerful courage than when he had dreamed himself the happiest of men. Very few heroes of fiction come up to John Loveday in a certain healthy and simple manliness which sentiment only serves to deepen and emphasise. In every respect "The Trumpet Major" is a good novel. The scene is laid near the Dorsetshire coast, when George the Third was frequenting Weymouth and holding homely Court there, and when everybody was living in a state of daily and nightly expectation of seeing a French army land at his own door. The humour of the time are admirably reproduced, as well as the effects of its graver interests as they come home to humble people, who, except from rumour, knew little of what was really going on in the world, and both public and personal interest are blended together in a very masterly way.

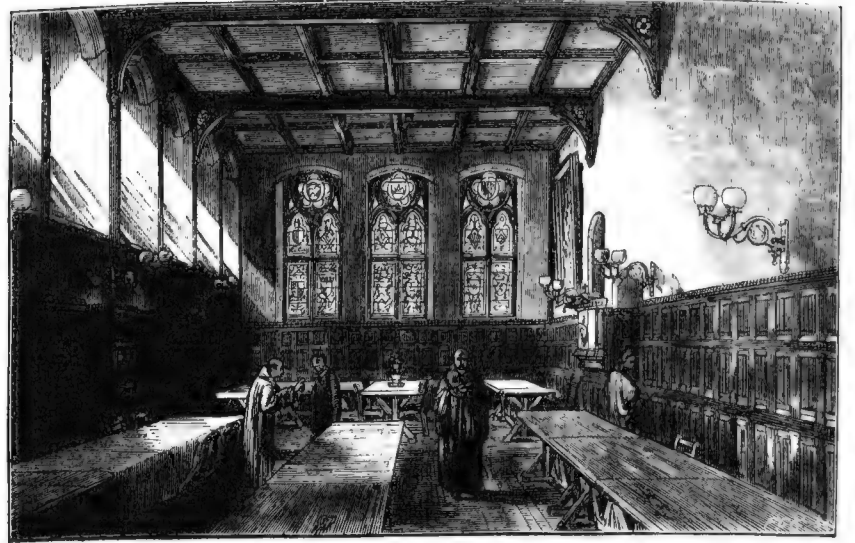
"Black Abbey," by M. Crommelin (3 vols., Sampson Low and Co.), is a more ambitious novel in form and style than the same authoress's "Orange Lily," but, apparently for that very reason, lacks the first part of the charm which belonged to what was, we believe, the first true and complete picture of peasant life in Ulster. This also is laid in the North of Ireland, but does not deal so prominently with local life and character as to make it a distinctive feature. On the contrary, it is intended to be an orthodox and conventional novel, at an almost certain loss of originality. In a somewhat curious way it reminds us of the former novel from the same hand of which we have spoken. Whatever faults of style belonged to "Orange Lily" are repeated in "Black Abbey," while the qualities which were merits in the first are exaggerated into faults in the second. What was natural in the one has an air of deliberate affectation in the other. But, with all its faults of mannerism, "Black Abbey" is clever, interesting, and decidedly above the average of fiction. It is full of pleasant and graceful touches, especially where children are concerned, whom the authoress appears to comprehend exceptionally well. She is always at her best when treating simply of the plainest and openest phases of life and character, and this is a high quality, for it is far more easy, in fiction, to seem profoundly complex than to be simple and clear.

Mrs. Forrester has taken for her plot the usual and favourite, not to say hackneyed, topic of a young man who is in love with a young woman who is in the power of one of those fiends called husbands. The hostility entertained by average lady novelists like Mrs. Forrester against husbands is one of the features of modern fiction. In "Roy and Viola" (3 vols., Hurst and Blackett), Mr. D'Arcy, who is Viola's husband, is particularly disagreeable. He is brutal, passionate, and cowardly, amusing himself by insulting his wife before company and by teaching his little boy to torture animals. Of course there is a designing woman to make mischief, and of course D'Arcy dies, and of course Roy, not having had enough of married unblissedness, marries Viola, forgetting that no man puts on his true colours till he becomes a husband. We suppose that "Roy and Viola" is what is called "a novel of society." It is very flimsy, very frivolous, but occasionally shewing the doubtful merit known as smartness in a shallow sort of way.

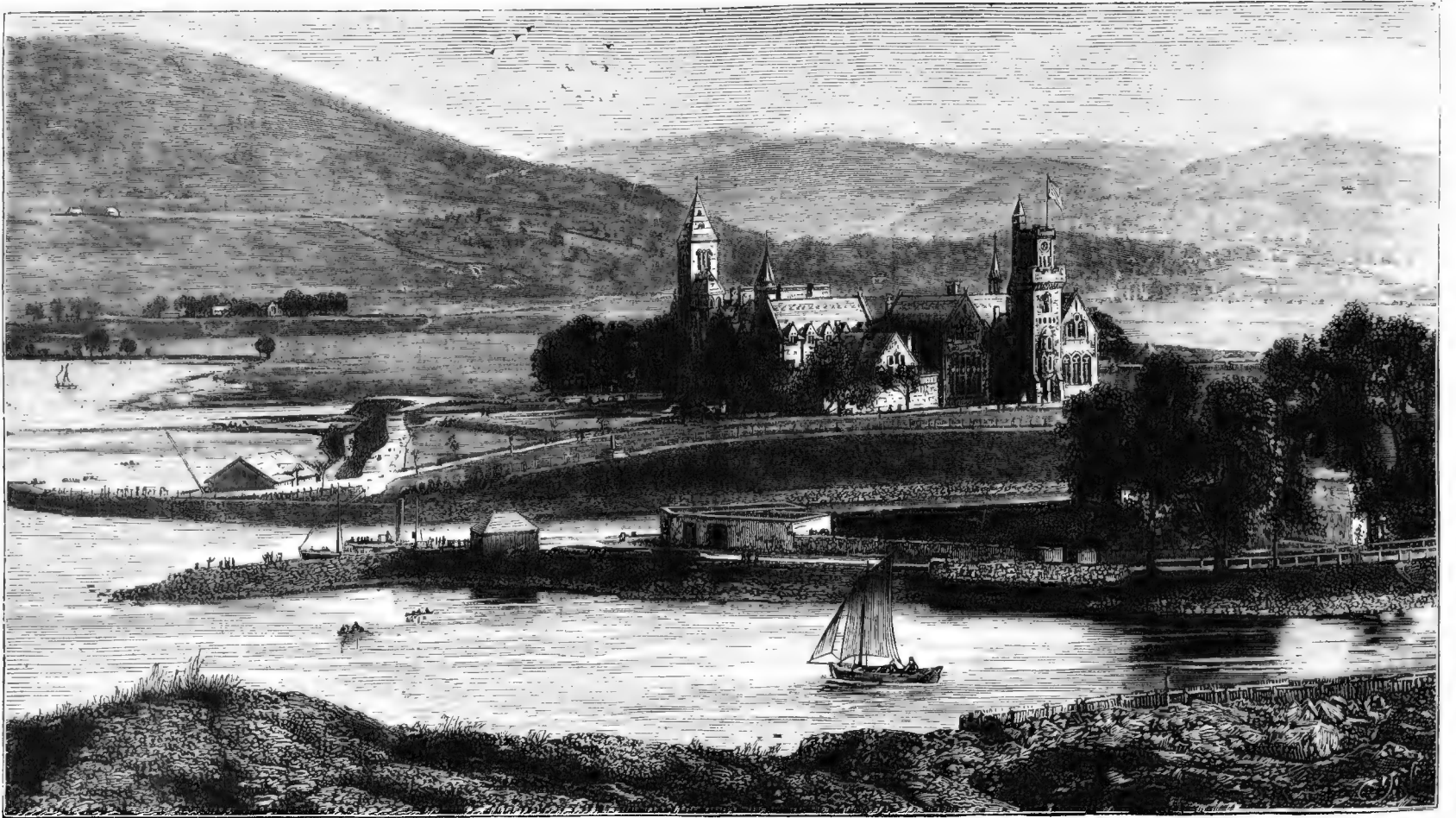
It may at first sight strike the too commonly hasty reader that "Stubble Farm; or, Three Generations of English Farmers," by the author of "Ernest Struggles" (1 vol., Tinsley Bros.), belongs in an unusual degree to the collection of small-beer chronicles. A generation accustomed to sensational psychology can hardly be expected to care very keenly about how much Farmer Strong paid his men for sheep-shearing, or the exact method in which the local surgeon treated the farmer's little boy for a scald on the chest. But as the story develops, we become conscious of a serious purpose on the part of the author of "Ernest Struggles," a book, by the way, which we are incidentally told has been refused admission to the railway book-stalls lest it should too seriously disturb the minds of railway directors. We learn how Stubble Farm flourished and paid until young Harold forsook the ways of his grandfathers by setting up a steam-plough. We are taught that steam-ploughs lead, by a regular gradation, to wasteful domestic extravagance, to gambling at "eighteen-penny loo," to look-learning, to fraud, and to flight beyond the seas. It is true that the author makes the old-fashioned father a sensible man, and the new-fashioned one a fool; but we are led to see that the steam-plough was really at the bottom of it all. Perhaps "Stubble Farm" will be complimented, similarly to its predecessor, by exclusion from the agricultural colleges. It is one of those books which require all the *prestige* of being placed on an *Index Expurgatorius* to counteract the result of writing about hay and straw with a leaden pen.



THE DORMITORY



THE REFECTORY



GENERAL VIEW OF FORT AUGUSTUS



THE GRAND STAIRCASE

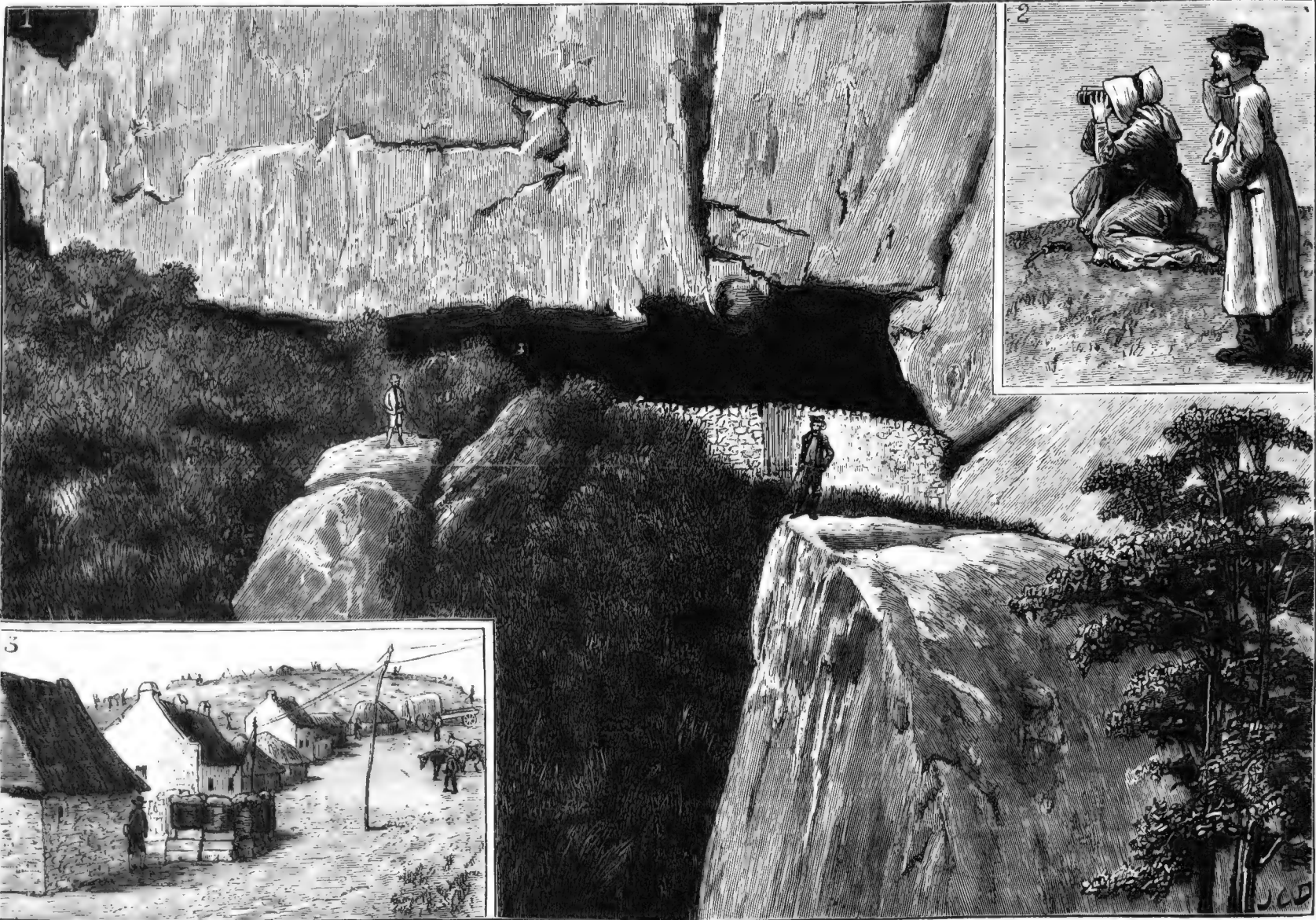


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THE LAND AGITATION IN IRELAND—A MEETING OF THE LAND LEAGUE COMMITTEE AT DUBLIN



1. Doda's Cave, a Tambookie Stronghold.—2. Mr. and Mrs. Jones watching the Attack on Mr. Austen's Residence from Hill above Palmietfontein, Orange River.—3. A Bastion, Palmietfontein, Fort Ayliff in the Background

THE WAR IN BASUTOLAND—THE TAMBOOKIE RISING

poisoning case, in which he was for the prosecution; while as Judge he had before him the Ryves case, in which the plaintiff sought to prove that she was a Princess of the Blood Royal; the prosecution of Governor Eyre; the case of Saurin v. Starr, in which a nun sued her lady-superior for assault; the Tichborne case, which lasted 188 days, eighteen of which were taken up by his summing-up; and the Wainwright case. Sir Alexander was also Arbitrator for Great Britain at the Tribunal which met at Geneva for the settlement of the Alabama Claims. On Monday reference was made to the death of the Lord Chief Justice in all the Courts of Justice, and deep regret for his loss was expressed by both Bench and Bar. Arrangements have been made for the funeral to take place yesterday (Friday) at Kensal Green Cemetery; but an effort is being made that his remains should be interred in Westminster Abbey. We have published three portraits of the late Lord Chief Justice (*The Graphic*, May 4, 1872; Feb. 14, 1874; and Feb. 28, 1874).

THE VACANT JUDGESHIP.—It is said that a council of all the Judges of the Supreme Court will shortly be convened by the Lord Chancellor, for the purpose of deciding whether the ancient titles, Lord Chief Justice of England and Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, shall be retained or abolished, and as Lord Coleridge will probably succeed Sir Alexander Cockburn, there will be the perhaps additional question whether his present title of Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas shall cease to exist. Should the contemplated changes be effected, Sir Alexander Cockburn's successor will probably take office as President of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, whilst the offices of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and of Chief Baron of the Exchequer will be entirely done away with, and the other Judges of the Exchequer and Common Pleas Division will be transferred to the Queen's Bench, the three Courts or Divisions being merged into one.

THE OFFICE OF HIGH SHERIFF.—"A Poor County Gentleman" has written to *The Times*, complaining that having been obliged by agricultural depression to let his house, dismiss his servants, and go abroad to live, he now finds himself nominated as High Sheriff of his county, an honour which will cost him 600*l.*, which he will have to borrow. He suggests (very reasonably we think) that the office should be made non-obligatory, or the expenses borne by the county, and he remarks that in all counties there are rich men who would gladly serve, but who are not eligible because they are not landowners.

THE CALLAN-SULLIVAN LIBEL CASE was called on on Monday at the Central Criminal Court, when, in answer to application for bail, the Recorder said that they were dealing with a gentleman who did not think it necessary to obey the orders of the Court. Being a member of Parliament was all the stronger reason why he should submit to the laws of his country. He, however, accepted bail, the prosecutors making no objection, and the case was adjourned to Wednesday; but this arrangement it was subsequently found would interfere with other business, and so it was again adjourned until to-day (Saturday).

SOMETHING LIKE AN AUTHOR.—A gentleman named Jones has just failed to induce the Court of Common Pleas to grant him 5,000*l.* damages against a railway company for injuries alleged to have been caused by the violent slamming of a carriage door against his head. During the hearing he made the alarming statement that, besides carrying on the business of a commission agent, and contributing to different publications, he had written a tragedy for Mr. Irving, and had the manuscripts of several works, one of which alone would make fifty volumes!

SENTENCES OF DEATH were on Wednesday passed upon Pavey, the perpetrator of the Acton outrage, and on Herbert, the man who recently shot a woman in Finsbury Park, and afterwards attempted to commit suicide.

NEW NITS FOR SIR WILFRID LAWSON.—What Stephen Blackpool, in "Hard Times," remarked of the world in general is peculiarly applicable just now to the laws that affect to deal with drunkenness:—"It is aw' a muddle." Magistrates, Police Court subordinates, the police themselves, appear to be perplexed well-nigh to their wits' end as to the application of certain clauses of the Summary Jurisdiction Act, and meanwhile inebriates, confirmed as well as occasional, are having an easy time of it. It seemed a pity to interfere with a state of affairs that possibly had its faulty features, but which, on the whole, gave general satisfaction. The individual, male or female, who was discovered in the public streets past self-control through alcoholic stimulants, used to be conveyed to the station-house, and then next morning to the magisterial presence, where a fine meeting the requirement of the case was inflicted, or, if the accused were a notorious and incorrigible offender, he or she was sent to prison for a short time. In this way the most disagreeable portion of a magistrate's daily duty was promptly disposed of. The "drunk and disorderly" cases cleared off the charge sheet, the more important business of the Court was proceeded with without interruption. It is different now, however. Under the new Act, as soon as a person taken into custody for drunkenness has recovered therefrom, he can demand release on his own recognisances to appear next day, and answer for his offence. It is expected, of course, that he should give his correct name and address, but it is scarcely to be wondered at if, in order to escape the degradation of appearing in the dock of a Police Court, there are some who succumb to the temptation of substituting fiction for fact as regards these last particulars. Nay, it appears on the testimony of the police themselves that this is a form of deceit frequently practised, and with success. But it does not make a vast amount of difference any way. A person gives his name and address correctly, and is next day fined, say, ten shillings. Under the Act the said fine is recoverable by distraint on the goods and chattels, and so the offender is not detained. He is set free, and if he disregards the order of the Court it is at his peril. But he has not much reason to shake in his shoes on this account, since no one seems to know whose business it is to enforce the distress warrant, and up to this time no one has been found so bold as to undertake the responsibility. In the Worship Street district a few days since a woman failed to surrender to her recognisances, but appeared next afternoon in the dock, "drunk again," and with the previous offence unexpiated. Another serious inconvenience brought about by the alteration is that a magistrate may be troubled with drunk and disorderly charges intermittently throughout the whole day. Prisoners on bail are not compelled to render themselves at any particular time. They are lawfully at large until next day if they are let out overnight, and four o'clock will do as well as ten in the morning. But the policeman who has the case in hand must be in attendance from the time the Court is opened, and if the bailed one does not put in an appearance the man's day's wages, which taxpayers have, of course, to provide, is wasted. One way and another the new method can scarcely claim to be an improvement on the old.

A VERY SMALL "OBSTRUCTIONIST."—A police summons recently discussed and dismissed by Mr. Bridge at Southwark Police Court is of too insignificant a character to call for comment, but that it may possibly indicate a desire on the part of Scotland Yard to interfere with an ancient and useful social institution intimately connected with London after dark. The owner of a night coffee-stall in the neighbourhood of the Elephant and Castle was charged at the instigation of the Commissioners of Police with causing an "obstruction," it being alleged that several of the shopkeepers and surrounding inhabitants had complained of the stall on that ground. It appeared in evidence, however, that the tiny housing where the coffee man dispensed his comforting brew to belated wayfarers was

by the side of an obelisk in the centre of a cross-road, forty feet at least from the nearest footway, and that the humble tradesman did not make his "pitch" until near midnight, and that he retired therefrom about five o'clock in the morning. Moreover, it was shown that the man had peacefully followed his present occupation at the same spot for seven years. Under such circumstances it is no wonder that the charge of "obstruction" fell through, the magistrate agreeing with the defendant's solicitor that the man had done no wrong, and that coffee-stalls, provided they are so situated as to be no hindrance to passenger or vehicular traffic, are as a convenience to those whose affairs compel them to be abroad when all other places where refreshment may be obtained are closed. Measures eccentric and unaccountable are sometimes taken under police authority, and the unpleasant suspicion will arise in one's mind that the prosecution of the Newington coffee-stall keeper may have been a test case, a decision on which would be useful for future guidance. It would have been a pity, indeed, had a conviction ensued on the summons, and the result had been a general clearing away from the streets of the metropolis of the cheery little harbours of refuge, whose distant beacon light is by no means to be despised in the drear small hours of morning, when choking fog or drenching rain prevail, or the mud ruts in the road are being converted into iron ridges by the icy wind. There are thousands of working men who occasionally cannot reach their homes until long after midnight, and as many whose occupations make it necessary for them to be out at this time of year hours before it is daylight; the extent to which these and such like folk appreciate the boon the night coffee-stall keeper offers them is only known to those who have frequent opportunity for observing the brisk trade that is done from twelve until one, and again from four in the morning until six, at these unpretending "refreshment booths" of the highway, as well as the grateful visages of those who, for a brief spell, stand in the warmth of the glowing charcoal fire, and quaff the comforting cup of tea or coffee, which is hot and not unwholesome, and costs but a single penny. Thus fortified, they tramp on again lighter of heart, and not much poorer of pocket.

MATRIMONIAL MIDDLEMEN.—In a recent law suit, the plaintiff being a gentleman who had obtained a wife at an "agency office," and who, afterwards regretting his bargain, sought to be relieved of the lady's companionship, a circumstance was brought to light calculated to give rise to a suspicion that those persons who put themselves forward as "matrimonial mediums" are not so disinterestedly obliging as they would have it appear. Their favourite form of advertisement is that they are actuated solely by a desire to assist those who, possessing every qualification as well as the inclination for wedded life, are tethered to celibacy by shyness or nervousness, which prevents their seeking for themselves a suitable partner. It is further set forth that all the remuneration required—beyond the rich reward that conscience bestows on him who performs a worthy act—is a small fee to pay for office-management, stationery, &c. It would appear, however, from the case in question that at least in exceptional cases a much more substantial honorarium is expected. The plaintiff let out that he was given to understand that the lady to whom the matrimonial middleman introduced him possessed a fortune of so many thousand pounds, and on this sum "commission" was charged him to the tune of a hundred and fifty pounds. It was further intimated that to a great extent the lady's fortune proved to be mere moonshine, but it did not appear that on this last unpleasant discovery being made the agent refunded any part of the commission. Perhaps his gallantry forbade his entertaining the possibility of a lady dealing in fictitious figures, or it may be that his devotion for the sex is such that even though he deemed such a deceit just possible, he would rather endure the stings of conscience consequent on retaining money that might not be justly his, than confess to any doubt in the matter. One thing, however, at least is certain. If the exacting a "commission" on the real or imaginary dower of a matrimonial agency bride may bring her husband is a recognised part of the proceeding, it is not difficult to understand how with a little ingenious conspiracy a poor dupe may be fleeced of his money. Without for a moment insinuating that anything of the kind happened in the case quoted, it is fair to assume that a "matrimonial agent" may be an unscrupulous knave, with female confederates at his command, and nothing is more certain than that amongst all grades of mankind there are to be found those who are fools enough for anything. It would be interesting to learn how many bashful swains have been victimised by the matrimonial agency shark, and mulct of money as "commission" on moonshine marriage portions.

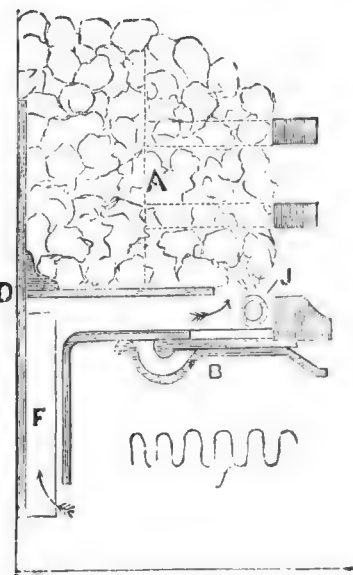
ICE ACCIDENTS.—Although the frost which visited us at the commencement of the week lasted only two days or thereabouts, the catalogue of skating and sliding fatalities which happened in various parts of the country is fearful to contemplate, no fewer than sixteen persons having been drowned in that short period of forty-eight hours, in consequence of the water upon which they foolishly ventured not being completely frozen over, or of the ice being too weak to bear their weight. At Fort Augustus, one of the young monks of the newly-established monastery lost his life by actually skating backwards into a large space of open water at the end of the loch; and at Yeaton Dam, near Leeds, some dozen or more skaters were immersed, and one it is supposed drowned, by the sudden cracking of the ice. The weather has now changed, and for a short time there is no fear of a recurrence of such distressing disasters, but seeing that the frost may again be upon us in a day or two, possibly before these lines are in the hands of our readers, it may be well to sound a note of warning as to the future. Many of the fatal accidents recorded this week occurred to boys and girls, and the proverbial heedlessness of young children is perhaps hardly to be wondered at, but the recklessness with which grown up men and women rush into manifest danger is astonishing. Year by year we have a constant succession of bathing and boating fatalities during the warm weather, the victims of which are in the great majority of instances virtually suicides, their deaths resulting from sheer carelessness and utter disregard of the most ordinary precautions, or from a reckless foolhardiness, which too many people are incapable of distinguishing from true courage; and no sooner do the frosts of winter set in than we have a like sad repetition of ice accidents. The cynical-minded may perhaps be inclined to say that these unfortunate people are fittingly punished for their folly, but few can withhold sympathy from their bereaved and mourning relatives, and all must deplore the fact that so many bright and promising young lives are thus brought to a premature close. Surely something might be done towards lessening the evil. The waters in our parks and other places of public resort are already well watched by the police and men of the Humane Society, and it certainly seems impracticable to provide similar protection for every little pond and rivulet in the country. Yet we think that the local authorities of each district might erect notice boards, stating the depth of water, and cautioning the public against the danger of venturing on thin and rotten ice, and similar announcements might be exhibited outside police stations, Town Halls, schools, and other public buildings; parents might also be warned by official circulars, schoolmasters might be requested to give a verbal caution to their pupils each day at the hour of dismissal; and ministers of religion might well make the subject a topic for treatment in their sermons, before instead of after the occurrence of such calamities. We do not suppose that any of these measures, or the whole of them combined, would entirely do away with ice accidents, but we feel sure that they would do much to lessen their number, and the expense and trouble incurred would, we contend, be amply justified if they resulted in the saving of only one or two lives during the coming winter.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

In the ordinary process for converting iron into steel, technically known as "cementation," bars of iron are placed in a close receptacle between layers of charcoal, and the whole is exposed to a red heat for some fifty hours or more. The carbon thoroughly combines with the metal, and what was before fibrous iron becomes close-grained steel. A French engineer, M. Paul Aube, has recently patented an improvement on this system, which, if report be true, must work a revolution in the iron trade, and cause every manufacturer to adopt a plan which pays its own cost of working. M. Aube's process is briefly as follows: The metal to be converted into steel is placed in a retort between layers of charcoal. After heat has been for some time applied a small quantity of fatty matter is introduced, followed by the injection of a jet of steam. Not only is the metal converted in half the time occupied by the old process, but a valuable by-product is given off in great abundance in the shape of carburated hydrogen—i.e., the gas commonly used for lighting purposes. What will the gas companies say to this new terror which threatens their monopoly?

If the gas companies are still feeling qualms as to the rapid strides of the electrician, they will certainly owe a debt of gratitude to one of their number in the person of Dr. Siemens. This gentleman has, for the nonce left his dynamo-electric machinery to take care of itself, and has descended to the contemplation of such a very common thing as the domestic firegrate. Perhaps it is the very vulgarity of such things which prevents men of scientific intelligence troubling their heads with regard to them, and this may be the reason that we are content year after year with fireplaces that give the minimum of heat with the maximum of draught and every other discomfort. Dr. Siemens points out that in burning raw coal for any purpose we are guilty of a barbarity, and bring upon ourselves the curses of smoke, fog, and many other minor inconveniences, which we can avoid by adopting his suggestions.

In the first place he recommends a particular form of stove, but one which differs only in detail from those commonly in use, so that any intelligent workman could contrive the new pattern out of the old. In the next place coke is used as fuel, assisted by gas-jets placed beneath it. The arrangement of the various parts can be understood from a reference to the diagram below. A represents



the body of the grate filled in with lumps of coke. A half-inch gas-pipe, J, pierced with holes zig-zag fashion, three-quarters of an inch apart, passes behind the lowest bar. The flames from this pipe render incandescent the lumps of coke above, but their heat is much intensified by a current of hot air, which is urged upon them from below in the direction shown by the arrows. This hot air supply is contrived in a very ingenious manner. n is a thick copper plate fixed to the back of the grate, and having attached to it a horizontal plate of the same metal, which forms a support for the fuel. At the lower part of D, beneath the grate, is riveted a frill of copper, n, (shown in plan at f); copper being a good conductor of heat, the back plate, with its attached frill, soon becomes hot enough to cause a draught of air to impinge upon the gas jets. In this way perfect combustion is ensured before the chimney is reached, and the vapour given off is not charged with those disagreeable particles popularly known as blacks.

The ashes fall into the space near the gas pipe, from which they can be readily removed by the spring-trap B. Dr. Siemens has for some time had a stove of this pattern in daily use, and has measured the coke and gas supplied to it. He has proved that it not only gives out more heat than an ordinary coal fire, but is more economical. It is also much cleaner in action, while it preserves the character of an open blazing fire, so dear to the English heart.

Some weeks ago we devoted some illustrations to the Severn tunnel works for the projected railway between Bristol and South Wales. These works have lately been the scene of the first important application of the Fleuss diving system. It seems that a heading had been driven under the bed of the river from the shaft on shore. This heading will eventually form a subway under the main tunnel for drainage purposes. At a distance of 1,020 feet from the shaft there is an iron door in this subway, which, before the works became accidentally flooded with water, had by an oversight been left open. It was a matter of great importance that this entry should be closed, and a diver was sent down for the purpose. But the great distance which he had to drag the air-pipe upon which his life depended prevented him accomplishing the task.

The Fleuss apparatus, which our readers will remember is quite independent of any exterior air supply, was then adopted, and the door was eventually closed. The diver who accomplished this hazardous work in a narrow passage in total darkness, and in a dress which he then donned for the first time, is worthy of all praise for his plucky conduct. His name is Alexander Lambert. The contractor, in a letter to *The Times*, while praising the diver, seems to ignore the fact that, without the Fleuss apparatus, his perilous feat would have been quite impossible.

Professor Graham Bell, whose photophone we recently described, has conceived the notion of being able to hear with it on this earth the awful sounds which are supposed to be emitted by the sun as an accompaniment to the vast upheavals of matter constantly taking place on its surface. M. Janssen and Professor Bell are endeavouring to work out this strange problem, and the result will be watched for with some interest.

The success which has attended the trials of the Czar's new yacht may possibly lead to some revolution in the shape of sea-going vessels. The speed attained—about sixteen knots—was thought an impossibility with such a tub-shaped construction as that of the *Livadia*. But apart from mere speed the vessel is gifted with qualities which must commend themselves to persons who have reason to dread a sea voyage. It is so free from pitching that even in the Bay of Biscay, while a high sea was raging, the occupants of the cabin were able to sit down to dinner in comfort without the usual precautions for preventing the plates sliding into their owners' laps.

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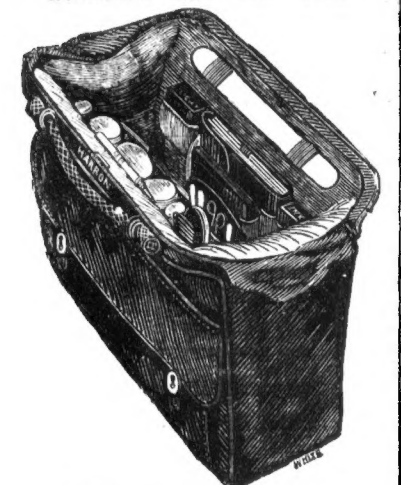
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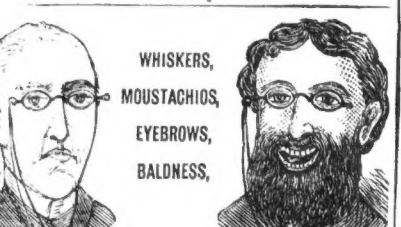


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